

Chronicles

September 2007

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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End as a Man



Dr. Harold O.J. Brown
1933-2007



DR. HAROLD O.J. BROWN

"He was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and faith, and a great number of people were brought to the Lord" Acts 11:24.

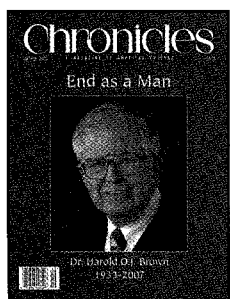


1933-2007

When God uses one life to influence thousands for immeasurable good, we gratefully rejoice. With thankfulness to God and on behalf of the women who have chosen life, we celebrate in the vision, life and writings of Dr. Harold O.J. Brown.

In 1975, Dr. Brown started the Christian Action Council, now known as Care Net, a Christian Network of Care for Women in Crisis. Today, Care Net is the nation's largest network of crisis pregnancy centers in North America. To read more about the life and legacy of Dr. Harold O.J. Brown, please visit www.care-net.org.

CARE  NET



Chronicles

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Adding Up AFRICOM

According to William R. Hawkins ("A COM for Africa?" *Cultural Revolutions*, July), the principal deputy undersecretary of defense for policy, Ryan Henry, claimed in an April 23 briefing that "Africa represents 35 percent of the world's land mass" and "about 25 percent of the world's population. Each of these figures is off the mark.

The world's land mass is about 57.2 million square miles; that of Africa, about 11.6. So Africa makes up only about 20.3 percent of the world's land mass. The world's population is approximately 6.5 billion; that of Africa, about 860 million. So Africa makes up only about 13.2 percent of the world's population.

Did anyone at the briefing or in the press catch these huge errors by Ryan Henry? Perhaps Mr. Henry's data comes from another planet, like some other information from his department.

—Henry E. Heatherly
Lafayette, LA

who deal with the Truman administration's policies in the Korean War agree that the United Nations played (at most) a marginal role in the crucial decisions regarding the conflict. That was especially true of the fateful decision to cross the 38th Parallel and attempt to liberate North Korea. Important studies on that issue include Barton J. Bernstein's "The Policy of Risk: Crossing the 38th Parallel and Marching to the Yalu" (*Foreign Service Journal*, 54:2, 1977), and James I. Matray's "Truman's Plan for Victory: National Self-Determination and the Thirty-Eighth Parallel Decision in Korea" (*Journal of American History*, 66:2, 1979). Documents from the Truman Presidential Library declassified in the past 10 to 15 years also support the thesis that the United States, not the United Nations, made the key policy decisions. Stormer's view was dubious even when he wrote his book in the mid-1960's. It is even more improbable in light of the scholarship that has emerged since then.

On U.N. Involvement

Ted Galen Carpenter, in his "Tethering the Hegemon" (*News*, July), states flatly that "Critical decisions, such as whether to cross the 38th Parallel and seek to liberate North Korea rather than just repulse the invasion, were made in the Pentagon and the White House, not the United Nations." Yet John Stormer, in his best-seller *None Dare Call It Treason*, writes, regarding the Korean War, that "Once the action was started the United Nations was asked to assume the responsibility for the 'police action.'" Stormer also states that "MacArthur protested the restrictions placed on his military operations by the diplomats and the United Nations." For a reference, Stormer cites *Korea and the Fall of MacArthur*, by Trumbull Higgins, pages 53 and 58.

What can Dr. Carpenter offer as reference material for his assertion?

—Bill Scaduto
Punta Gorda, FL

On Yes, It Is

The covers of *Chronicles* are always notable, but the cover of the July issue by Melanie Anderson was most intriguing and artistically excellent. I was compelled to find out more about what appears to be a classical painting and its Latin subtitle. Your readers may not be aware, but this is a well-crafted Photoshopped image based on a painting by Guercino (Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, 1591-1666). In the original, two shepherds have come upon the skull and are gazing at it meditatively, "*memento mori*." The quotation, "*Et in Arcadia ego*," is from Vergil and came to mean, by way of 17th-century Italian humanists, "there is no escaping death." The contrast with "The American Way of Death" could not be more stunning.

What I could not discover is, what are the originals for the images for the man and woman? I would greatly appreciate Mrs. Anderson enlightening us about these very interesting figures.

Thank you for your artistic, as well as literary, efforts to bring us thought-provoking material every month.

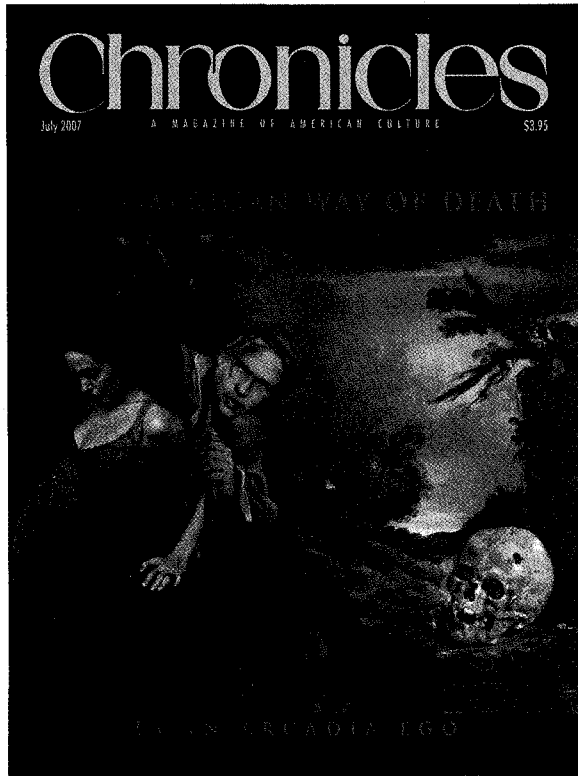
—L. Phillip Kelley
Atlanta, GA

Dr. Carpenter Replies:

The overwhelming majority of historians

Is that really Brangelina on the cover of the July issue—or are my eyes deceiving me? Strange picture.

J. Christopher Hewlett
Columbia, SC



On Catholic Correction

I just finished reading Christopher Check's otherwise excellent "Americanism, Then and Now: Our Pet Heresy" (View, June), and I must make an objection. Michael Novak is an orthodox Catholic philosopher and theologian, and does not warrant Mr. Check's accusation that he is a dissenter on the Catholic Church's teaching on contraception.

I think a public correction is warranted.

—Eric Giunta
Aurora, IL

Mr. Check Replies:

My thanks to Mr. Giunta for his praise of my article. Michael Novak, however, has not made a secret of his dissent from the Church's immutable teaching that contraception is intrinsically evil. He discusses it in his book *Confessions of a Catholic*, published in 1983. More recently, he has seemed to downplay or offer explanations for his dissent, but these efforts do little to clarify my understanding of his current attitude toward the doctrine.

What is clear from an article Novak

wrote in 2002 for National Review Online is that, in 1961, he penned several articles against the teaching. Novak dismisses them as "short discussions" appearing in journals in America and Europe. What Novak does not admit is that, in 1964, he contributed a chapter to an anthology titled *What Modern Catholics Think About Birth Control* (Signet), in which he argued that artificial contraception and periodic abstinence are morally equivalent. (The chapter is not listed in his website's "Complete Bibliography.")

In his NRO article, Novak states that, after Pope Paul VI's encyclical *Humanae vitae* was published in 1968, he "did not want to go into public rebellion and held back from the public protests." Nevertheless, as Novak explains, "my earlier public writings stood now contrary to the teaching freshly articulated by Paul VI. I recognized his authority to make that decision, but I thought it my obligation as a philosopher respectfully to write that, on this one matter, I was not convinced by the new argument." The sentence is difficult to decipher. What does it mean to respect the Pope's authority to "make" a decision? Papal authority begins with such decisions. It ends with binding the consciences of the faithful. Yet Novak felt obliged to reject the philosophical argument against contraception.

The philosophical argument "freshly articulated" by Pope Paul VI held that the unitive and procreative natures of the marital embrace cannot be separated, and, in 1969, the year following the encyclical, Novak published an essay that argued not only that the two natures could be separated but that doing so was a positive good for a marriage. The essay appeared alongside contributions from other dissenters, including Charles Curran, John Noonan, and Sidney Callahan, in the anthology *The Catholic Case for Contraception* (Macmillan), edited by Daniel Callahan. (There is no mention of this book on Novak's web page, either.)

The title of Novak's chapter, "Frequent, Even Daily Communion," was a spin on the English title of a decree is-

sued by Pope Saint Pius X in 1905, "On Frequent and Daily Reception of Holy Communion" (*Sacra Tridantina*). Novak may have thought he was being profound or merely clever by comparing daily sexual intercourse in marriage to daily reception of Holy Communion; the reader can decide if he was being blasphemous or merely irreverent. In any case, the essay argues that contraception benefits a marriage since it leads to more frequent sexual intercourse (an assertion that turns out not to be true). Novak must have been disappointed to learn that even advocates of the Pill did not accept his argument. Writing at the time in the Alan Guttmacher Institute's *Family Planning Perspectives*, one pro-contraception doctor ridiculed Novak's article: "A particularly poor chapter is the one by Michael Novak extolling the wonders of contraceptive intercourse, where any sane person would prefer the absence of contraception were it not so vitally necessary." To a doctor advocating birth control, the Pill was a practical (if unpleasant) necessity. To Novak, it was a means to strengthen married love.

Where does Michael Novak stand today on the Church's teaching on contraception? The NRO article may be the best indication. It lacks a clear retraction of Novak's "merely philosophical" argument but allows that, "if one regards married sexuality within a theological context, then one can see how the Catholic teaching, while very hard, makes sense and has a certain rare beauty to it." Does Novak mean that an argument against contraception cannot be based on natural law? If so, he is mistaken. Nevertheless, I will be happy to be shown that Novak has rejected without equivocation his dissent and has apologized for the scandal he caused. Next year, *Humanae vitae* will turn 40. Perhaps Michael Novak will mark the occasion with an article in which he does those very things.

After that, we can consider his other beliefs that raise questions about his orthodoxy, including his project to square "democratic capitalism" with Catholic social teaching and his aggressive support for the U.S. invasion of Iraq. When Pope Benedict XVI declared in his Easter message before imparting his *Urbi et Orbi* blessing that "nothing positive comes from Iraq, torn apart by continual slaughter as the civil population flees," Novak responded in print that the Holy Father had hit a "low point."

Citizen Murdoch

If Rupert Murdoch gets his way, all Earthlings will read one newspaper and watch one television station. And Murdoch will own both. So even before the Media Monster That Ate New York and London had the *Wall Street Journal* for dessert, the liberal-media elite flew into a rage worthy of the Tasmanian Devil. *He'll interfere*, they bayed. *He'll wreck the newsroom*, they barked. *He'll put profits before good journalism*, they brayed. Whether any or all of these calamities come to pass, the liberal-media elites, as one would expect, opposed Murdoch's acquisition of the *Journal* for the wrong reasons.

Murdoch's News Corporation is a globe-straddling, eye-popping behemoth: It owns FOX News, the *Times* of London, the *Australian*, as well as myriad smaller companies too numerous to mention. Murdoch also owns the book publisher HarperCollins. The whole kit and caboodle is worth some \$70 billion. If you wanted to prove Balzac's maxim that a crime lies behind every immense fortune, Murdoch's bazillion-dollar media kingdom would be a good place to sniff around.

Owned by the Bancroft family, Dow Jones is the century-old company that publishes the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Ottawa* dailies, and *Barron's*. The *Journal* also owns its share of Pulitzer prizes and is deservedly regarded as the best brand name in financial journalism. Like FOX News, its editorial page is a neoconservative megaphone that barks and bellows for globalism, free trade, and open borders. For years, the page whipped Bill Clinton like a red-headed stepchild, and it gained a richly deserved reputation for slugging crackpot leftist Democrats upside the head. No wonder leftist crackpots everywhere loathe it.

To mute the tocsin about "meddling," Murdoch agreed to establish an independent panel to keep an eye on things, lest he turn the *Journal's* newsroom into an arm of its insane editorial page. How that will shake out remains to be seen, but, in any event, the worries over Murdoch's owning the *Journal* fall into two categories: legitimate and ridiculous.

Murdoch already uses his media power to influence public officials, domes-

tic and foreign—which is a legitimate cause for worry. In 2003, Congress considered a regulation that would have required Murdoch to sell some properties. As the *New York Times* reported, one man who was behind the new rule was Sen. Trent Lott (R-MS), an alleged conservative. Then Lott changed his mind. HarperCollins had paid Senator Lott \$250,000 in advance royalties for his unheralded book, *Herding Cats*. Before that, Murdoch's publishing house had offered a \$4.5 million advance to House Speaker Newt Gingrich, which precipitated such vehement reproach that Gingrich returned it.

The most scandalous of Murdoch's monkeyshines occurred in China. When he publicly proclaimed that modern media "proved an unambiguous threat to totalitarian regimes everywhere," the Chinese Reds banned private ownership of satellite dishes, which threatened Murdoch's Asian broadcasting venture, Star TV. No problem. HarperCollins published Deng Xiaoping's biography, which, according to Joseph Kahn of the *New York Times*, included "mainly recycled propaganda about Mr. Deng." Murdoch schmoozed with Deng's handicapped son as well. He "chartered a jet to ferry a troop of disabled acrobats that the younger Mr. Deng had promoted to perform abroad." And Star TV dumped the BBC because the Chicomos didn't like its newscasts. That should worry journalists everywhere.

On the other hand, the relentless, daffy propaganda that Murdoch might "meddle" in the *Journal's* newsroom is ridiculous. Whether Murdoch is already prone to wander from office to office depends on which of his editors you listen to. The fear of Murdoch's vaticinated meddling runs something like this, from leftist Eric Alterman of Media Matters for America:

On the day the takeover bid was announced, I appeared on CNBC's "Kudlow and Company" and heard the claim, made over and over, that a Murdoch-owned *Wall Street Journal* might somehow even out the balance of *The New York Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *The Washington*

Post, etc.

The point is misguided in myriad directions simultaneously. First off, those papers all have objective-seeking journalists doing the news, not liberals as Kudlow was implying.

This, of course, is a jug of pink moonshine, but it's typical of the leftists for whom objectivity means a sinister view of the world.

Murdoch's critics might not want to gabble about "meddling" and ethics, either. Murdoch may be unethical, but he's no more so than his competitors. The same worrywarts said nothing when the publisher of the *New York Times*, Arthur Sulzberger, flatly declared that "diversity," as opposed to accuracy, is the "most important issue facing the paper." That bit of interference—which was also unethical—led to Jayson Blair's plagiarism and fabrication fiasco. Indeed, the newsroom's managing editor, Howell Raines, admitted that he overlooked Blair's transgressions because Blair is black. The worrywarts said nothing when the Pulitzer Prize Board refused to revoke, and the *Times* refused to return, Walter Duranty's award, which he won for his flatly mendacious reportage from Stalin's Soviet Union. Or how about this: The *Times* hatched a real-estate deal with the state of New York to condemn and seize a property, subsidized by taxpayers to the tune of \$79 million, for its 52-story corporate headquarters. No worries there.

And what might they say if they saw Donald Graham "meddling" in newsroom decisions the way his mother did during the *Washington Post's* coverage of the Watergate and Pentagon Papers stories? Katharine Graham rightly participated in decisions about those stories, and, should such a story present itself to the *Journal*, Murdoch might rightly participate as well.

In the abstract, it is absurd for Murdoch's critics to argue that someone who paid five billion dollars for a company cannot run it the way he sees fit. (Then again, liberals aren't much on private-property rights, as we know from 50 years of editorials from the *New York Times*.)

But no man needs this much money or power. Observed James B. Ottaway, a Dow Jones director and a former owner of the Ottaway chain,

I am opposed to Rupert Murdoch's buying Dow Jones to boost his personal prestige, political power, and global media business control. . . . [Murdoch's] taking over Dow Jones . . . would add to already too much concentration of American and global media ownership, and political influence on American society and government decision making.

One wonders why Ottaway sold his papers to Dow Jones, for that, too, concentrated media power in fewer hands. Nonetheless, Ottaway and others made an even more salient point: Wealthy beyond the wildest dreams of 99 percent of their readers, the Bancroft Family had neither good reason nor the need to sell Dow Jones.

Ottaway wrongly believes Murdoch's News Corporation differs substantially from the other massive media plantations that dominate the landscape. The truth is that News Corporation is the same, only bigger. The sad tragedy of American jour-

nalism has been the near-complete eradication of locally or family-owned, small-town dailies. A few gargantuan media companies own many of them—most notably, that hideous Gorgon of anti-American corporate leftism, Gannett. Gannett's journalistic crimes aside, it suffices to say that the owners of a paper in Iowa should not live in New York, anymore than the owners of the *Baltimore Sun* should reside in Chicago or Denver or wherever the Tribune Company's directors and major stockholders live. Most of them have no interest in or knowledge of the communities their papers "serve."

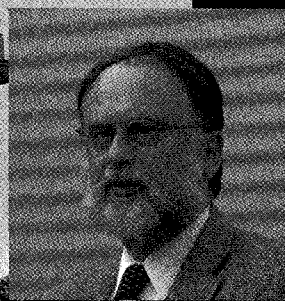
This is the irony of the news media's operation in the free market. With complete freedom to expand, a few companies such as Gannett devoured local dailies by the bushel. So consumers from Portland East to Portland West get their news from faceless, nonlocal media conglomerates that hire nonlocal editors and writers, whose political, religious, and cultural beliefs, which surface in stories and editorials, are often hostile to the community's. Given that starting a daily newspaper is financially impossible for anyone but Bill Gates or Warren Buffett, the only alternative for locals is a newspaper on the web. Of course, media giants

create those, too. A few large corporations control too many newspapers and dominate the media landscape. Strangely, the liberals who despise Wal-Mart are not discussing the gigantism and raw power that Murdoch's insidious accumulation of media properties means. Perhaps they do not care, which might be why they don't complain about Tribune or Gannett. The selective criticism reeks of hypocrisy. Liberals don't oppose concentrated power or influence peddling; they oppose only Murdoch.

And only because of his alleged ideology. Well, then, here is a news flash: Murdoch isn't the conservative the liberal Pecksniffs think he is. No conservative would put naked women on Page Three of his newspapers, or produce ribald television programs such as *Married With Children*, or jump into bed with the Chicoms. Nor would a conservative donate money to Sens. Hillary Clinton and Charles Schumer. Murdoch has done it all. His London tabloid, the *Sun*, endorsed leftist Tony Blair. His FOX News Channel is a shill for the Bush administration. Murdoch uses, and will continue to use, his billions to wield power in politics and government. In short, like William Randolph Hearst, he is a public menace. <C>

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BORN-AGAIN CANADIAN

I was one of many who sighed with relief when Conrad Black was convicted in U.S. District Court July 13. He is exceedingly litigious, and word had gone out that anyone who had suggested anything untoward in Black's management of his newspaper empire could expect writs should the great man be found not guilty.

But he wasn't, and I can now state categorically what I had only hinted at in these pages three years ago: Conrad Black is a crook. Specifically, Black was found guilty of fraud for paying himself non-compete payments for newspapers he had sold to himself and of obstruction of justice for removing boxes of evidence from his office while under investigation by the SEC.

He remains free on bail while awaiting sentencing on November 30. As the prosecution is recommending a 24- to 30-year term, the 62-year-old Black will likely spend the rest of his life in a U.S. federal prison.

Unless, that is, he manages to regain the Canadian citizenship he abjured with contumely six years ago. The newly ennobled Baron Black of Crossharbour declared in 2001, "Renouncing my citizenship was much more than a ticket to the House of Lords; it was the last and most consistent act of dissent I could pose against a public policy which I believe is depriving Canada of its right and duty to be one of the world's great countries." In other words, *You are not worthy! Of me!*

Should we see the error of our ways, however, Black was prepared to reconsider: "If my views are taken up and implemented, I will be happy to resume my citizenship." Can't say fairer than that, can you? In 2006, Black announced that we were once again worthy of his lordship. He was now a "demonstrative Canadian flag waver," and could he have his citizenship back, please?

In his *Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation*, the Catholic thinker and martyr Sir Thomas More wrote, "A man that [is] in peril of drowning catcheth whatsoever cometh to hand, be it never so simple a stick." And the conversion experience of the Catholic thinker and would-be martyr Lord Conrad Black occasioned much cynicism, not to say hilarity, in his native land. It's not as if he

wasn't already drowning in a sea of tribulation. Patrick Fitzgerald, scourge of Scooter Libby, had announced his intention to put Black behind bars for decades, but, if Black could regain his citizenship, he would be eligible for the Canada-U.S. prisoner exchange. This would guarantee him the comfort of a short sentence in one of Canada's "country club" jails, where "offenders reside in residential-style housing units" and "are responsible for their own meal preparation."

Prime Minister Stephen Harper says he won't get involved, and Black is now a convicted felon, which should disqualify him. But Canada routinely grants citizenship to foreigners whose crimes are much blacker than Black's, so who knows?

If the self-hating Canadians who dominate "conservative" opinion in this country had their way, Black would not only be repatriated and freed, he would become governor general, allowing him to embrace his destiny as the General Pétain of Vichy Canada.

But a funny thing happened on the way to Black's immolation. Our neocon fifth columnists had no problem with Conrad Black instructing us that there was no problem with Canada that shouldn't be solved by making her exactly like America. This was only the truth. And they cared not when Black's crimes came to light. After all, \$3.5 million is "nothing," and, anyway, theft isn't theft when big businessmen do it. Instead, the already indicted Black was rewarded with a column in the *National Post*, and his noxious wife, the as-yet-unindicted Barbara Amiel, with one in *Maclean's*. Ken Whyte, editor-publisher of *Maclean's*, testified for Black at trial, which is surely unconnected with the \$100,000 "performance bonus" he accepted from Black in 2003, two years after Whyte stopped working for him.

Even as Conrad damned his Jewish prosecutors as "those Nazis" and Barbara damned the reporters covering his trial as "vermin," Black's clique smothered them with true unpatriot love. Black's ordeal was a latter-day Dreyfus case. Maybe worse. Or so said Mark Steyn, David Frum, George Jonas, Peter Worthington, David Warren, Adam Daifallah, Christie Blatchford, and Ezra Levant.

And yet, when it became clear that Black's number was up, the Vichy Cana-

dians began denouncing the U.S. government with all the fervor of a Paul Craig Roberts. Our fifth columnists became as anti-American as all get out. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.

—Kevin Michael Grace

IS THE POPE CATHOLIC?

In July, the Pope endorsed a statement that ruffled some feathers in the Protestant aviary, and it turns out that the statement actually revealed that a number of Protestants aren't all that Protestant anymore. They demonstrated this slide away from Reformation confidence by being upset by the revelation that Pope Benedict XVI still believes that his version of the Faith is true. He still actually thinks those things.

True. What a strange word these days. What the Pope said, in effect, was that the Roman Catholic Church is the one and only true Church, and that the others, um, aren't. Aren't, that is, "Churches" in the proper sense." (The Orthodox qualify as "separated" and "particular" Churches.) Protestant "ecclesial Communities," the document said, "suffer from defects," because they "do not enjoy apostolic succession in the sacrament of Orders," and this means that they cannot be considered to be Churches "in the proper sense."

The reaction was immediate, sad, and kind of funny. For example, Clifton Kirkpatrick, the General Assembly stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), issued a letter that said that Benedict's endorsement of the statement "mischaracterizes our faith," and "reopens questions of Christian unity."

The reaction to the statement reveals at least a couple things about the current state of affairs in the broader Church. The first is that it shows the vast difference between true catholicity and ecumenical goo. If fierce Protestants and dedicated Catholics sought to love each other while standing for the Faith once delivered, quite a bit of good could come out of something like that. But the vanguard of the ecumenical movement has actually been made up of a truth-rot liberalism that believes nothing in particular. The ticket into the ecumenical movement has been to downgrade dogmatic

conviction, and it seemed in the halcyon days following Vatican II that even the Catholics were keeping their end of the deal. But now comes Pope Benedict XVI, *believing stuff*. In public. The Reformed preacher Martyn Lloyd-Jones once said this about the ecumenical movement—and it seems pertinent somehow—“You cannot bring about a resurrection by putting all the corpses into one graveyard.”

The second problem concerns apostolic succession. Some Protestants have a doctrine of it, and many others don't. Those who don't (a hardshell Baptist, say), when asked where their church was before the Reformation, would say something like, “Tied to stakes and hiding in caves from you guys, mostly.” This kind of Protestant, when told that the Pope said that his church is a mere “ecclesial Community,” would say, “Doesn't matter anyway. Like I tell the people every Sunday, no church can save you. Gotta have Jesus.” This kind of Protestant should be upset by the Pope's pronouncement . . . not at all.

Then there are the conservative heirs of the magisterial Reformation who have (in variegated degrees) a Protestant appreciation for a doctrine of apostolic succession. It may be a doctrine of succession in ordinations (as with the Anglicans) or a doctrine of baptismal succession from the

apostles, as Presbyterian theologian Peter Leithart has recently argued, but it is there. These Protestants will not be upset either, because they wake up in the morning knowing what they believe, and they don't have to get permission from Rome to believe it. They have a doctrine of the historical Church (which is not to be confused with a view of contemporary denominations), and they know where they stand. They should be upset . . . not at all.

So who is upset? The forces of relativism and postmodernism have gutted a large wing of the Protestant world. They don't believe the articles of the Creed anymore, they want to ordain all kinds of interesting sexual experiments, and they think Jesus was the original hippie. This is the same wing of the Christian religion that has poured itself into ecumenical dialogue with Rome. About the only thing they have left anymore is a sort of scratch-and-sniff churchiness. And now the Pope wants to take that away.

—Douglas Wilson

OBITER DICTA

Interest in our **Ravenna and Venice Convivium** has been very high. If you are hoping to join us, please do not delay register-

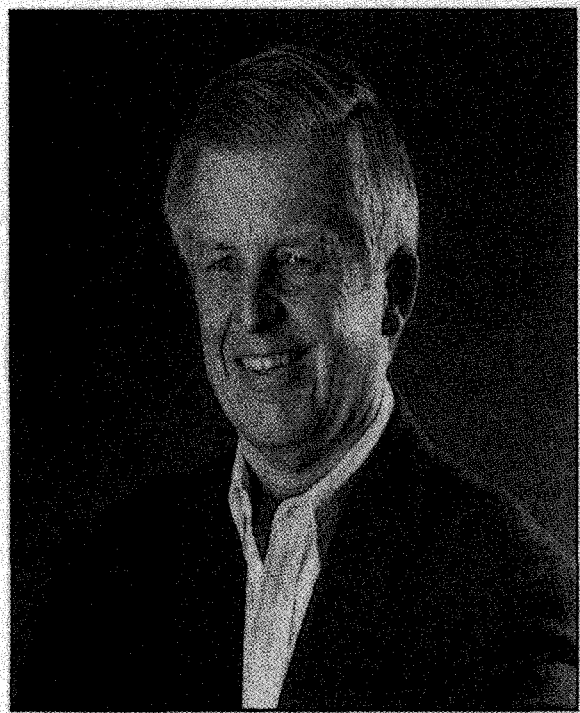
ing. We expect the event to sell out.

Rooms at the special rate of \$169.00, single or double occupancy, remain at the Hotel Washington for the 18th Annual Meeting of **The John Randolph Club**. (See the back cover for more information.) Call (202) 638-5900 to reserve your room. (Ask for “in-house reservations” and mention The John Randolph Club.) Please call Christopher Check at (815) 964-5811 if you have difficulty reserving a room or have any questions about forthcoming events.

This month, our first poet is **Andrew Huntley**, who hails from Bendigo, Victoria, Australia. Mr. Huntley's work has recently appeared in *AD2000*, *Adelaide Review*, *Christian Order*, the *Saint Austin Review*, and *Quadrant*. Collections of his work include *The Stone Serpent Dreaming* (Hale & Iremonger) and *Minor Pageant* (Island Press).

Our second poet is **Tina Brown-Warren**. A retired library clerk from the University of Illinois Slavic and East European Library, Mrs. Brown-Warren's poetry has appeared in *Romantics Quarterly* and the *Lyric*. She writes from Urbana, Illinois.

Our cover and interior art are provided by our designer, **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.



Harold O.J. Brown (1933-2007)

The *Chronicles* editors are deeply saddened to announce that our religion editor, Harold O.J. Brown, has passed away. Dr. Brown was a theologian and a philosopher, a journalist and a cultural critic, an athlete and an outdoorsman. He is survived by his wife, Grace, and their two children, Cynthia Anne and Peter.

Dr. Brown served as a seminary professor for nearly three decades. Given his academic accomplishments, his integrity as a scholar, and his personal character, we could see nothing more fitting than to put his picture on the cover of our issue outlining a conservative vision for education, “End as a Man.”

For more on Dr. Brown, see Aaron D. Wolf's tribute to his former professor, “Evangelical Theologian,” on page 34.

Counting People and People Who Count

My *curriculum vitae* still includes a paragraph describing my activities as an “educational consultant,” though it has been some years since I went to Washington to read grants or evaluate schools for the Department of Education. It was all time wasted, less profitable than time wasted on politics. Politicians, to their credit, know that it is money and power they are seeking, but I have never been able to discover what educators have in mind. The worst of them babble statistics—IQs, achievement-test scores, minority percentages, word counts in first-grade readers. None of it amounts to much more than counting—counting words or counting people.

In every discussion of reform, whether it was with professors of education, school-board members, or the secretary of education and his staff, the conversation always ran aground on the following question: “What is your object in teaching a class, running a school, or developing a program?” When I received no better answer than gimmicks summed up in slogans such as “child-centered education,” “back to basics,” “phonics,” or “writing for reading,” I clarified the question by asking, “What sort of person, if you succeed, do you expect to turn out?” A Quaker headmaster informed me that he hoped his students would be themselves; I naturally asked him why parents should pay high tuition to a private school if not to turn their little savages into some kind of civilized human beings.

Perhaps I have spent too much time reading Plato. After all, a simple society can rear its boys and girls to be patriotic citizen-soldiers or competent matrons without having an explicit theory that stipulates the *for what* we teach children, but that is only because traditional societies have an implicit understanding of what a good man or good wife and mother is like. An Athenian on his way to fight the Persians at Marathon did not have a refined definition of *courage* arrived at in a course of dialectic or at the end of an argument with Socrates’ father. He had read or heard the same Homeric poems as his fellows, worshiped the same gods at the same festivals, attended the same meetings of the Assembly and the same courts, where he listened to the wise and the foolish debating the controversies of the day. We are not so lucky.

No young man today, unless he has been locked in a basement or reared by the Amish, is unaware that every virtue extolled by parents and pastors is condemned by the really important people in our society—namely, celebrities. His parents may teach him to be polite and respectful in his speech, but if he turns on the television to learn something about politics—a grave mistake—he will be subjected to the coarse hectoring of Bill Maher and Ann Coulter. He does not need to turn on the TV. Every day in school, he learns the same bad lessons, bad manners, and bad morals. A slave to the indoctrination he has received, he thinks that he (obeying the dictates of the Harvard School of Education and FOX News) is the ultimate judge of all value, whether it is the received wisdom of the Church or

the received wisdom that tells grown men to put on a jacket and tie before going to church. Instead of learning from experience, his own and that of his parents and ancestors, he believes only abstract speculations about human equality and the progress of humanity.

We live in a culture gone mad on theory: theories of sex and family, theories of government, and, inevitably, theories of education. A debate has raged for centuries over “the future of education.” Early American liberals such as Noah Webster insisted that a democratic society needs a suitable educational system, divorced from the classical tradition that encouraged aristocracy and elitism. What sort of American democrat could listen to Sarpedon’s admonition “always to be the best” without giving a Bronx cheer? It took over a hundred years, but this appeal began to take concrete form in American colleges and secondary schools between the two world wars.

John Dewey and his students developed the argument to include a soft social-science indoctrination that would liberate American kids from the shackles of race, ethnicity, nationality, region, class, wealth, religion, taste, and anything else their poor benighted parents might have valued. By the late 1960’s, the attack was extended to sex and gender, species and phylum. An old high-school friend—a beautiful and charming woman—once asked me (at an oyster roast) why I could be so concerned about unborn babies when I cared so little about baby seals. This same woman, if she had not been warped by the propaganda inflicted on her by half-educated Ph.D.’s, would have remained a Trinitarian Anglican and a patriotic Southerner. As things turned out, she was only a New Yorker manqué. That is why every school in the nation should have a sign at the entrance: Enter at Your Own Risk or, better still, *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’entrate*.

The conservative response to the progressives’ takeover of education has been of two types, and neither has been particularly effective. The capitalist response is to emphasize vocational skills, whether at the low level of shop and computer courses or on the high level of mathematics and science. Bill Gates, himself a model victim of American education, thinks that he can do some good by rewarding students for designing innovative technical projects before they have learned anything about who they are or why they are alive. The results are all around us: the technological barbarians who cannot even imagine the moral problems presented by cloning, *in vitro* fertilization, and the virtual reality in which young people are imprisoned.

Most of us, who are neither angels nor monks, would like to have money; sensible people would like to earn their money by pursuing an interesting and useful career. We all understand



that an aspiring physician, lawyer, or engineer must receive specialized training, but what hardly anyone realizes is that money, career, and profession are, in most cases, only marginally connected to the serious purpose of education. The application of businesslike methods to politics or education is routinely disastrous, because the object of statecraft or teaching is quite different from the object of business.

So-called cultural conservatives are aware of the shortcomings in the businessman's call for vocational education, but their response has been to call for a return to the Great Books, though some of them cannot distinguish between *The Great Gatsby* and what William Bennett once described as "the published works of Socrates." If our cultural-conservative leaders had read some of the great books, instead of merely talking about them, they might have read in Plato (who wrote the works Socrates did not) that reading impairs the memory. Plato's observation—which is truer with every technological step away from simple orality and literacy—might have led them to reflect that books are only means to the ends of a system of education or *paideia*, to use a more inclusive Greek word, which means nothing more than childrearing. The end, as Calder Willingham expressed it in the title of his beautiful and almost forgotten novel, is a man.

All of the above might have been written 20 years ago, and, indeed, such arguments have routinely been made in *Chronicles*. All that has changed in 20 years is that these false conservatisms, which used to be limited to movement periodicals and small ideological colleges, have now metastasized into a viral empire of websites and distance-learning programs that feature the usual cafeteria of computer skills and great books. All of these projects will fail; most of them will do more harm than good. Even at their best, they will distract well-intentioned parents, teachers, and students from considering the purpose and function of education.

The same basic questions, however, remain, and, until they are addressed, there can be no significant improvement in education: What is the purpose of education—that is, what sort of a person do we want to result from 20 years of schooling, and what is the curriculum that will produce such people? The traditional answer, "the classical curriculum," is short enough to appear on a standardized test, though only if it is one of multiple choices on the grid of a computerized test form. But what are the classics, and why should we study them? For most readers, *Great Expectations* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps* are classics, but I should be hard pressed to defend the inclusion of these admittedly good novels in a serious curriculum.

Critics, including Matthew Arnold and T.S. Eliot, have tried to define such terms as *classics* and *culture*. For Arnold, the son of a famous headmaster, *culture* was "the best that has been thought and said." In his lecture "What is a Classic?" Eliot set out to be more precise and more profound than the Romantic Arnold. For Eliot, maturity is the hallmark of classical literature—maturity of mind, of manners, and of language. Maturity is a quality difficult to pin down. Like the Greek *sophrosyne*, it implies restraint and the absence of extravagance, but maturity of style is the perfection of the best tendencies in a language. A mature writer is not a child of his own time, but, like Vergil, he possesses a sense of history. It is Vergil who displays all of these qualities and is the benchmark of classicism.

As valuable as they are, both of these essays in definition were on one point misguided in beginning at the wrong end. Do we

value Vergil because he is mature or maturity because it is Vergilian? Before answering too quickly, we should consider that civilized men of the West have been Vergilians for two millennia. From one perspective, it does not matter if Homer and Plato, Vergil and Augustine are the best writers, so long as they are ours, the writers who define our civilization. The body of classical literature is not a set of museum exhibits, catalogued, arranged, and dead; it is a living tradition, something handed down from one generation of intelligent readers to the next. The Latin for "hand down" is *tradere*, from which we derive our word *tradition*. Naturally, the canon must be open to the new writers—Dante and Racine, Shakespeare and Goethe—who make themselves indispensable, but never to the exclusion of their literary progenitors.

Whether we wish to be a poet or merely a president, there are no secrets or shortcuts and no new method of counting people that can tell us anything useful about humane learning. There are only the old methods that taught the men who made our civilization and framed our Constitution.

In recent centuries, we have grown used to the idea that tradition is in conflict with "objective truth," and academic intellectuals (unless they are either reactionary or postmodernist) would tell us that the only way to strive for truth is by being objective—that is, by eliminating all the prejudices that come from our personal experience, our ethnic and national identity, and our religion. They might as well ask us to flap our arms and fly across the Grand Canyon. No ordinary mortal can entirely escape the blinders of subjectivity, and those who claim to have done so—e.g., modern university teachers—have simply put on another, more constrictive pair of blinders that prevents them from seeing any good either in patriotism or religion.

The studies that make up humane learning are called the liberal arts, not because they "liberate" students from inherited prejudices (as I have heard claimed by educators), and not even because they are arts practiced almost exclusively by liberals. The *artes liberales* of the Romans (translating a much older Greek phrase) were the studies appropriate to a free man. While servile or banausic arts were aimed at practical results (making a sword, for example) and gaining money, liberal arts form the character of a citizen in a republic or, in an aristocracy, a gentleman. Plato and Aristotle went further, teaching students to aim at the highest goal, which is the contemplation of the good.

The free man practices and values the virtues of honesty, courage, reverence, justice, and self-restraint not so much because they are good in the abstract as because he shares a general taste for them. It is only within such an ethical and civic context that it makes any sense to speak of pursuing or loving truth. Philosophy, as Aristotle points out, is a dangerous pur-

suit for people who have not been properly brought up by family and friends, because they will only learn how to justify their vices. Even the paltry bits of philosophy studied by Ayn Rand and her chief apostles hardened them in their selfishness, arrogance, and lewdness. Even if Rand or the Brandens had read a few good books, they would probably have turned them to evil purposes. We need only look at the example of Straussians who spend entire careers twisting and distorting every great political thinker from Plato to Jefferson. What is the result of all their lying? The kind of mad arrogance that overtook Bloom and Jaffa.

The free man practices and values the virtues of honesty, courage, reverence, justice, and self-restraint not so much because they are good in the abstract as because he shares a general taste for them.

I am not arguing for illiteracy—though a glance at the best-seller lists might persuade us that Americans would be better off illiterate. Books, great and good, are the necessary tools of any educational method. It is also true that an American who has not read *Hamlet* or *The History of Henry Esmond*, *I promise-si sposi* or *Huckleberry Finn*, while he may possess many serious intellectual and cultural interests, will be, in a society of educated readers, like the long line of ill-dressed gawkers who watch the beautiful people entering the club from which their lack of beauty and the right clothes have barred them. Schools must needs have a reading list of indispensable fiction, poetry, and drama, but teaching, say, Conan Doyle or Kafka in the classroom would require some justification, such as a desperate need for remediation.

We are so used to the idea of reading fiction and poetry in school that few of us stop to ask why we should spend time on what might otherwise be regarded as entertainment. If you have the patience and stomach for reading literary theory, you will discover a great many mystical statements about literature that no one in his right mind has ever believed. To take only the most banal example, you will hear that students should read modern novels, especially very dirty novels, to learn something important about life. Practical men—businessmen and engineers—with some justification make fun of the whole idea of studying literature in school. Reading stories is all very well for people who have the time, but why can they not pursue their hobby at home instead of watching TV? What possible use could it be to write essays on imagery in the poetry of Dylan Thomas or character development in the novels of Thomas Hardy?

Ancient writers on rhetoric would have no problem in answering the businessman's objections. Isocrates, Cicero, and Quintilian would tell him that the object of education is to turn out a good man who can be useful to his neighbors and to his

community. There is, they would add, a certain set of books that can be used effectively to teach both sound moral and civic principles and the art of effective writing and speaking. Civilization itself, they would conclude, depends on the process of inculcating these values and techniques, year after year, and generation after generation, into the human beastlings who need to be domesticated. Education, then, occupies a space somewhere between theology and toilet training.

The ancient system had its shortcomings, and nothing could be more foolish than to design a school around Quintilian's *Institutio Oratoria*, much less to pretend to revive an imaginary trivium and quadrivium that more often existed on paper (or, rather, parchment) than in practice. However, the fundamental objectives of education remain, and not just the objectives but the methods that have proved useful and indispensable: the teaching of Latin and mathematics; the study of grammar and rhetoric (which includes logic and composition); and a systematic reading of the books that make us who we are, particularly poetry, drama, and history—and not the pseudo-scientific history written by professors but the history of historians who can write and think: Thucydides and Livy, David Hume and Shelby Foote. This is a far cry from four years spent on the Five Foot Shelf.

The study of languages, live and dead, is essential. The Greeks were mostly content to know their own language, but educated Romans, by the end of the Punic Wars, had to learn Greek. In the Middle Ages, Western Europeans, whatever language they spoke at home, had to study Latin, and a 17th-century Englishman had to make a stab at Greek, speak at least a traveler's French, and, if he wished to set up for a literary gentleman, make shift to read the language of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso.

Foreign languages are not everything, and each of us has limited time. But some disciplined study of ancient and modern tongues and the literatures written in them is an absolute necessity: first, because it improves our mental acuity; second, because it is the only way of gaining an acquaintance with the highest standards of "the best that has been thought and said." Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Eliot were trained in the classics, and Milton learned Hebrew, French, Italian, and Old English. Most poets today do not even know correct English, much less Italian. As one Italian poet told me ruefully, after entertaining a group of American poets, he had no use for American writers: They could speak no language he knew, took no interest in art, philosophy, history, or literature. All they wanted to do, he said, was to scribble postcards in a bar. Today, unable even to scribble with a pen, our poets—once the "unacknowledged legislators of mankind"—drink their coffee in an internet cafe, text-messaging each other the inanities that no one, thank God, will ever read.

Whether we wish to be a poet or merely a president, there are no secrets or shortcuts and no new method of counting people that can tell us anything useful about humane learning. There are only the old methods that taught the men who made our civilization and framed our Constitution. Begin, as they did, with Vergil and Homer. As Mr. Jefferson said, they are the poets "as we advance in life . . . we are left at last with." Chesterton agreed: "Those who count in any generation will always be talking of Troy." If few people today talk of Troy, in Greek or in English, it is not because Chesterton has been proved wrong. We barbarians of the New Atlantis can either bemoan our ignorance or decide to join the conversation. ☞

The Atheist's Redemption

In my last appearance in this space, I wrote erroneously that Christopher Hitchens had favored both Anglo-American wars on Iraq. In fact, he strongly opposed the first one, back in 1991. I remember this so vividly (I was delighted with him at the time) that I can't understand how I could be so embarrassingly forgetful when I wrote as I did. I owe him an apology, which I cheerfully offer.

Still, I can't help suspecting that the current war, which he does support, may help explain his newly aggressive atheism. By applauding Bush's war, a quasi-Trotskyite venture in "global democratic revolution," Hitch, as his friends call him, has lost a lot of face among his old comrades on the left. Attacking "religion" was the perfect way to recoup. So Michael Kinsley was probably right to praise his book *god is not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything* as a shrewd career move.

However, as Dr. Johnson said of Rousseau, "A man who talks nonsense so well must know he is talking nonsense." Is Hitch (or should we, by analogy with "god," call him "hitch"?) pulling the public's leg just a bit? When he speaks of religion as belief in a "celestial dictatorship," he betrays the Trotskyite reduction of all relations to raw power; surely, he is aware that Christians regard God—or "god," if you like—as a loving Father, not a gigantic bully. But when he says (on page 114) that Jesus' very historical existence is "highly questionable," you have to wonder if he is lying, insane, or just full of hitch.

Can he be serious? The most famous and influential man who ever lived . . . never lived? Can anyone really suppose such a marvelous character was invented? That a few unschooled and inartistic writers could have thought up immortal words suitable to Him? That countless martyrs would endure agonizing death to bear witness to One whose reality was in doubt? Tell us another one, hitch. Better yet, say one thing even your fellow unbelievers will find worthy of Jesus, one thing men will quote a year—or two thousand—from now.

The hitchbook is open to many objections, but one of its oddities is its startling

profusion of anachronistic indignations. Why should a materialist get so sore about the supposed evils of war, racism, sexism, bigotry, Nazism, "the" Inquisition (was there only one?), caste systems, and Mel Gibson? Did "religion" cause all of these things, and if so, so what? Why shouldn't they exist in hitch's universe? Couldn't they have evolved on other planets anyway? Isn't hitch guilty of humanism? If we discovered a Mel Gibson on Mars, why should we care? And why does hitch single out Martin Luther King, Jr., as the only praiseworthy Christian? And why, after renouncing communism, is he so forgiving toward communists, including King's pals?

And why don't these obvious questions occur to hitch himself?

One reason I'm a Christian is that Jesus predicted books such as this: He warned us that, just as the world hated Him, it would always hate us, too, and so it does, after 2,000 years.

Another reason is more personal. Life has been so kind to me. It has warped me with blessings. I've had a few minor complaints lately, but, as a child, I was so showered with love that I can't disbelieve in God or believe that He is cruel.

Nor can I take hitch seriously, except as a man who appears to be pitifully indisposed to gratitude. He can imagine "religion" only in what a believer recognizes as its most deformed versions, which prove nothing at all about its normal, lovely, and perfect form: the Catholic Faith. He's looking for reasons to hate it, while never acknowledging even one of the things that make millions of men love it. If I were an atheist, I might write a book in praise of such a gorgeous illusion.

One of hitch's sneakiest moves is his at-

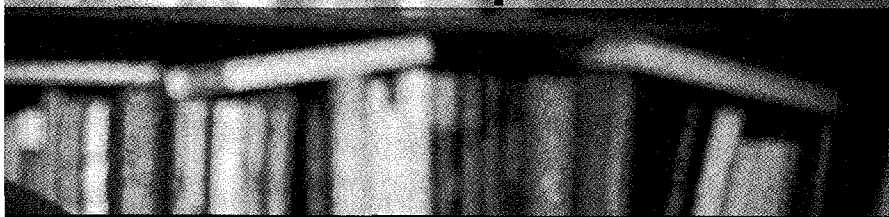


tempt to pin the label "totalitarian" on religion. Surely, he knows that the essence of the totalitarian is the utterly arbitrary authority of the ruler, who can switch all the rules at any moment.

No Muslim, Jewish, or Catholic ruler has ever claimed the right to do anything so absurd—to be "above" morality. (The U.S. Supreme Court may do so.) It would defeat the whole purpose of having an unchanging Scripture. At one point, hitch himself even seems to admit this, but he plunges on like a fast-talking salesman who hopes you won't notice the self-contradiction. Safely "audacious," he treats communism not as a vicious crime (like those of Mel Gibson) but as an amiable, if slightly regrettable, weakness. After all, it's one he shared until late in his life, something more than a youthful flirtation. But any sense of guilt he may feel doesn't make him swerve from his mission, which is not to confess but to accuse.

Hitch accuses Christians of "wish-thinking," but fails to see how the same charge may apply to atheists who think they may ignore and violate the Ten Commandments with utter impunity. The man who fears he is in danger of damnation, on the other hand, would seem to deserve exemption from any such imputation. Me, I'd rather not spend eternity in Hell. ©

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Sex, Propaganda, and Higher Education

Inside the Opinion Mill

by Tom Landess

Over the past few years, college administrators and faculty committees have been tackling a relatively new ethical question raised on campuses across the nation: *What about sex between faculty members and students?* Older professors can remember when the answer to that question would have been obvious. Some can even recall a time when the question would never have been asked.

Today, however, with mixed dorms and mixed roommates, how can the old-fashioned barrier that separates teacher and student be permitted to stand? After all, if engaging in sex has become a right enjoyed by all consenting adults, then what possible objection can anyone offer to a consenting student and faculty member exercising that right together? While the academy has not yet reached a consensus on this question, the fact that it has been raised at all is symptomatic of a sea change in higher education, a substantive redefinition of the idea of a university.

For generations, the university was regarded as a free market of ideas, a place where diverse opinions were encouraged and where students learned to think by weighing one point of view against another. Hence the concept of academic freedom, the doctrine that a professor had a right to express whatever ideas he championed, both in the classroom and in the community at large. This doctrine was grounded in the assumption that the academy as an institution didn't take sides. Even Cardinal Newman, when describing the ideal Catholic university, insisted that no indoctrination take place, that the student be taught *how* to think rather than *what* to think. This view prevailed in American universities up until the 1960's—or, at least, the academy paid lip service to it.

While faculty members came to believe that the twin doctrines of academic freedom and the free market of ideas were invented solely to protect them, these ideals protected students as well, given their intellectual naiveté and, hence, their vulnerability to manipulation. After all, the university did not exist so that teachers could prance about campuses, expressing eccentric opinions, quarreling with one another and the world. It existed to train the minds of the young. Thus, it was originally student-centered rather than faculty-centered. Somewhere along the way, professors forgot for whom the university existed.

In his 1965 book *Repressive Tolerance*, Herbert Marcuse became the philosopher of late-20th-century academia. In essence, he advocated the repeal of academic freedom and the suppression of all ideas hostile to social and economic revolution. As he put it, "Certain things cannot be said; certain ideas

cannot be expressed; certain policies cannot be proposed, certain behavior cannot be permitted without making tolerance an instrument for the continuation of servitude." It was a typically Marxist pronouncement—blunt, arrogant, and without so much as a rhetorical bow to conventional wisdom.

This statement still seems outrageous to professors over 70 and to their graying former students. However, few current academics share this sense of outrage. Indeed, in this single sentence, Marcuse produced a new creed for higher education in America and helped to inaugurate the vision of a new institution—no longer a university in the traditional sense but an opinion mill, an arm of the revolution.

The motive behind this crushing of all dissent was the drive to recruit students in a Second American Revolution, which, in the 1960's and 70's, seemed all but inevitable. For generations, American students had behaved themselves—except for periodically swallowing goldfish, conducting panty raids, or jamming themselves into telephone booths. Then the war in Vietnam followed on the heels of the Civil Rights Movement, and leftist professors became professional agitators, seizing on the opportunity to use students in the same way their counterparts had for decades used them in Europe and South America—to destabilize an orderly society. The students were predictably pliant; when manipulated by their professors, they always are.

Why? Because when they go off to college, young people leave a relatively complex world and enter a relatively simple one—a kingdom where abstractions rule. In that world, those who do what is most valued are the professors, with their advanced degrees, their intellectual fiefdoms, their air of certitude. A few examples of *argumentum ad misericordiam*, a few tales of oppression, a line or two from John Lennon's "Imagine," and young people charge into the streets, teeth grinding, nostrils flaring, waving whatever insolent banner their teachers hand them. So, by the late 60's, middle-class students were rioting on campuses all over the country, heaving rocks at police, vandalizing buildings, issuing non-negotiable demands—full of carefree, self-righteous zeal.

Few people noticed that the rapid transformation of the university into the opinion mill dramatically altered the attitude of teacher to student. In the university, students were treated as ends rather than as means to ends. The integrity of their malleable minds was regarded as inviolable. Ideally, the chief aim of instruction was to nurture their critical ability to the point at which they could make judgments independent of others, including their instructors. By contrast, the opinion mill treats students as means to an end, bodies to hurl against the ramparts of authority. They are taught to embrace a prescribed view of society without considering the possibility that alternative views might have merit. In such an institution, stu-

Contributing editor Tom Landess is a retired English professor who has published a number of books and articles, many of which have appeared under his name.

dents are rewarded for intellectual laziness, for failing to challenge received opinions, for their reluctance to ask pointed questions.

As for the subject matter, in the university, knowledge was regarded as an end in itself—a unique and discrete reality. As such, neither professor nor student could mess with its essential nature. It was not to be manipulated any more than a student was to be manipulated. It had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

In the current academy, the professor regards the materials of his discipline as means to an end. They possess only instrumental value. Thus, he has the right to torture and eviscerate them to make them work in behalf of whatever revolution he hopes to start that particular day.

In history, facts may be omitted or invented if omissions and inventions serve the cause. Subject to such malicious tampering, the past becomes simpler and simpler—its complexities eliminated through ruthless refinement until all that remains is pure propaganda.

Likewise, in literary studies, novelists and poets who do not lend themselves to misinterpretation are dropped from the syllabus. The rest are compelled to serve in the revolutionary army. Some do so willingly; others are cruelly conscripted. Jane Austen, with her 18th-century love of symmetry and order—a woman in perfect harmony with the world into which she was born—is thus transformed into a modern feminist, at war with the patriarchy, longing to tear out Mr. Darcy's throat.

In today's opinion mills, classes are no longer conducted as they were in universities. Professors make political speeches in class, and often do so while ignoring the discipline they are paid to teach. Some teachers ridicule or savage anyone who refuses to submit to the prevailing orthodoxy. A few even use the grade book to punish dissent. But most rely on the aura of infallibility that follows professors into the classroom and hovers above them as they lecture. They can accomplish more by quietly asserting their authority than by threats and intimidation. In the classroom, they speak *ex cathedra*.

In *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen Dedalus, attending a Catholic boys' school, is told by the teacher, a priest, that his essay is heretical. Humiliated, Stephen is forced to restate his position to conform to Catholic theology. As presented by the anti-Catholic Joyce, the orthodoxy of the school is a harsh, intractable discipline against which the protagonist eventually rebels. This is precisely the kind of intellectual bullying that goes on in thousands of classrooms throughout higher education in this country. The orthodoxy of the left is as rigid and merciless as any theology ever devised. It has its own finely tuned dogmas, its Torquemadas, its instruments of torture.

Portrait is a work of art rather than a book of wisdom, and its hero is often arrogant and wrongheaded. However, in one passage, he makes an important distinction between proper art and improper art. What he says could also be used to differentiate between proper and improper education.

The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. The arts that excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The esthetic emotion (I used the general term) is therefore static. The

mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing.

Stephen argues that a work of art whose sole purpose is to make an impact outside its own aesthetic dimensions has no intrinsic worth; it is a servant to sexual desire or to some commitment or cause. In higher education today, knowledge is likewise the servant of ideology, and its worth can be measured only by its impact on the body politic. Therefore, it, too, is intrinsically worthless.

Such knowledge—like improper art—also has a limited shelf life. Today, few if any literate people read novels of social protest written in the first half of the 20th century. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* may have led to government inspection of meat, as its author clearly intended, but you would be hard-pressed to find a denser, duller book on the shelves of the Library of Congress—dense and dull precisely because of its didactic purpose. Besides, who has time to worry about the meat-packing industry when we are fighting a war in Iraq and the North Pole is melting away?

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they are paid to teach. Some teachers ridicule or savage anyone who refuses to submit

to the prevailing orthodoxy. A few even use the grade book to punish dissent. But

most rely on the aura of infallibility that follows professors into the classroom and hovers

above them as they lecture. They can accomplish more by quietly asserting their

authority than by threats and intimidation. In the classroom, they speak ex cathedra.

You have to feel sorry for the young men and women who will graduate from such institutions with majors in women's studies, black studies, or even English, history, psychology, and sociology. Many will reenter a world of complexity knowing nothing that is valuable or relevant or true. They will find that no one is hiring leftist demonstrators, not even *MoveOn.org*. Mere opinions bring nothing in the marketplace. People are giving them away all over town.

One more point. Stephen Dedalus's linkage of didacticism and pornography suggests a link between the way today's pro-

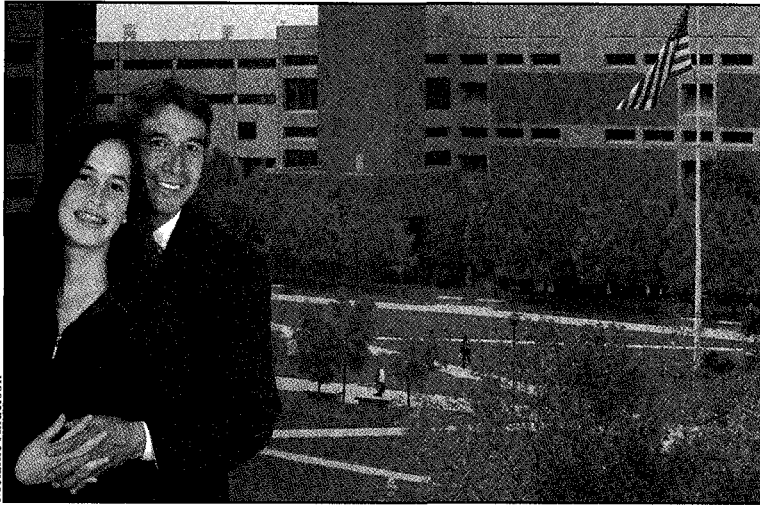
fessors promote ideology and the question of whether professors should have sex with students. As the academy addresses this question, the debate is confused and nonsensical, a higher-decibel version of the average faculty meeting.

Feminists tend to oppose faculty-student liaisons because they see male professors as wielding the same old patriarchal power over female students. They cite a history of exploitation, back-alley abortions, and high-strung girls leaping off bridges.

Barry Dank, professor of sociology at California State University, Long Beach, is outraged by the feminist arguments: "This is simply another attack against men, who [*sic*] they see as being powerful. It's also an attack on young women . . . [denying them the] freedom to decide what they want and what they don't want." Professor Dank has organized a group called Consenting Academics for Sexual Equity (CASE) to fight for the right to have sex with students.

The feminists come closest to understanding what is going on here, though they miss the mark because they can only think in terms of their own self-serving slogans. This debate could take place only on a contemporary campus, where ideology has replaced common sense and—most importantly—where students are now regarded as means to ends. The same arrogance that allows feminists to indoctrinate young women also allows male professors to bed them.

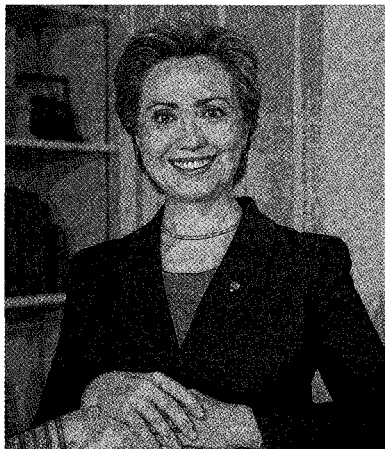
The professor comes to such relationships with the identical advantages he enjoys in the classroom. He is a member of the ruling class, one of the heroes of this closed intellectual society. Young people are attracted to heroes. In the outside world, he would be another face in the crowd. Behind ivy walls, he is Achilles, and the blue-eyed girl on the front row is Briseis, the prize given to Achilles for heroism and then arbitrarily taken away by Agamemnon. In Homer's epic, she has only instrumental value. In the contemporary classroom, she is likewise a prize, a perquisite that comes with an academic appointment, a thing to be used.



Melanie Anderson

Few of these academics dare to make statements that might be termed "judgmental," either about the morality of such conduct or its propriety. In the opinion mill, where sex is concerned, there are no absolutes. Some schools ban these liaisons for prudential reasons: "to avoid exploitation and lawsuits." Others lay down guidelines: not if the student is currently in the professor's class. The relationship must be consensual. Discretion.

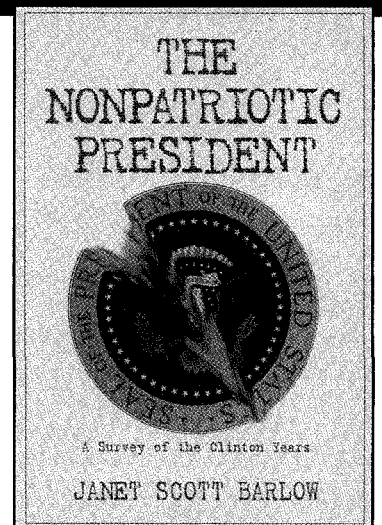
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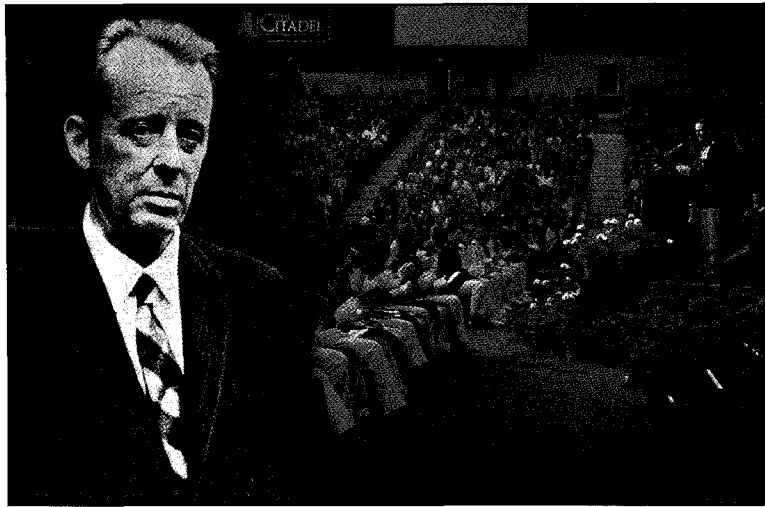
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The Faces of Men

Education and Masculinity

by Jack Trotter



Melanie Anderson

This year marks the 60th anniversary of the publication of Calder Willingham's *End as a Man*. Chances are, most readers today have never heard of the book, as I had not until quite recently. Despite the accolades that it received from such leading literary lights of the 1940's as James T. Farrell (who called it "a permanent contribution to American literature"), *End as a Man* now gathers dust on library bookshelves and remains largely unnoticed in studies of post-World War II American fiction. Reasons for this neglect are not hard to find. One is that Willingham (born Calder Baynard Willingham, Jr., in Atlanta, in 1922) was only 23 when he wrote it, and it is not without its purple passages. A more telling reason, however, is that Willingham explores in the novel a theme that is virtually guaranteed to affront our epicene guardians of contemporary literary propriety: manhood.

End as a Man is set in a military college in the South and explores a year (or something less than a year) in the lives of a group of cadets in the early 1940's. This fictional institution, called "The Academy," is clearly modeled on the Citadel, which Willingham attended in 1940-41, before transferring to the University of Virginia. Several of these cadets are first-year "knobs" (as they are called at the Citadel), and much of the narrative is concerned with their efforts to cope with the school's rigorous discipline and the frequent hazing imposed upon them by upperclassmen. Freshman cadets are routinely braced, dressed down, forced to eat at attention, humiliated for betraying signs of weakness, and ridiculed for any peculiarity of appearance, speech, or manner. So prominent are these episodes, especially in the first half of the novel, that many readers have assumed that Willingham's chief concern was to demonstrate the cruelty of such a system

of discipline. Alex Macaulay, for example, in a short article in the *New Georgia Encyclopedia*, summarizes *End as a Man* as a "scathing and lurid assessment of the overblown machismo that Willingham encountered at the Citadel." This, however, is far from the truth. To be sure, there are instances of "overblown machismo" on display, but, for the most part, Willingham presents hazing as a routine and highly ritualized fact of life at The Academy. No tender psyches are destroyed by the process, and, with one notable exception, the upperclassmen understand that the hazing ritual is strictly defined; they know when to relent, and, when they forget, others remind them.

The most conspicuously "overblown machismo" in *End as a Man* belongs to one of the novel's chief characters, upperclassman Jocko de Paris, a cadet who has barely escaped expulsion on more than one occasion, thanks to the intervention of his wealthy father, one of The Academy's most generous benefactors. Paris is vividly presented as an isolated sadist, one for whom the hazing ritual is not an impersonal matter of discipline but a brutal quest for personal satisfaction of desires that—so Willingham hints—arise out of a repressed homosexuality. Thus, he frequently violates the limits that his fellow upperclassmen observe. The primary victim of Paris' sadism is Maurice Simmons, a freshman cadet almost universally despised for his Ohio accent, red-cabbage ears, and religious mania. On one occasion, Paris salaciously accuses Simmons of having committed incestuous acts with his mother and sister, then beats his buttocks mercilessly with a broom until they are covered in blood. Yet there is no suggestion in Willingham's treatment of this or similar episodes that Paris' abuse of the hazing system is to be understood as a condemnation of the system itself.

While *End as a Man* cannot be considered a novel of

Jack Trotter writes from Charleston, South Carolina.

social protest in the vein of the naturalistic revival of the 1930's, it does share some traits with those novels. The tone is, throughout, one of almost clinical detachment, and, while the narrative does feature a central character, freshman cadet Robert Marquales, he is in no sense a "hero." In fact, Willingham goes out of his way to prevent the reader from forming any bond of sympathy with Marquales. For well over a hundred pages, Marquales wanders passively from one encounter to the next, unable to find a place for himself, and irritably alienating his fellow knobs. He is cruel to the hapless Simmons, is not particularly conscientious about his studies, and, worst of all, is so insecure that he foolishly allows himself to be drawn into an association with two disreputable upperclassmen. One of these is Paris; the other is Perrin McKee, the vain, sickly, and homosexual son of an impoverished old Port George family who is at once the most contemptible and yet the most fully realized character in the novel. McKee represents another, even more perverse image of manhood, one in revolt against the rank fecundity of the female body.

In a pompous speech delivered to his fellow cadets one evening in the barracks, McKee theorizes that the "true man" is he who has most completely integrated the "sub-experiential" aspect of his personality into conscious awareness and proceeds to tell of how, when he was an infant, his mother passed him along to a "negress" wet nurse. "I sucked her black tits for eighteen months," McKee recalls. "[D]aily, I kneaded that glistening carbon flesh in my fat little hands [and] swallowed the thick yellow product of the Negress' blood." But this "sub-experiential" memory was not recovered until years later when, still a boy, he witnessed a cousin of his being nursed at the breast of the same black woman. He was "repelled" by the sucking of those "little pink jaws" on the "monstrous organ." The thought that he had once done the same "plunged [him] into an illness of weeks." To cure him of this affliction, McKee's father forced him to watch "the little greedy cousin suck," and it is to this experience that McKee proudly attributes the "beginning of [his] intellectuality." Willingham implies that McKee's "intellectuality" (given, by turns, to grotesque abstraction and lurid flights of gothic fancy) is, in fact, a craven intellectual retreat from genuine manhood.

While McKee does not quite speak openly of his homosexuality, it is clear that he regards that aberration as proof of his own superiority. Indeed, when Marquales comes by accident into possession of a letter that McKee has anonymously addressed to Jocko de Paris, we learn the full extent of McKee's depravity. In the course of that letter (which is clearly intended to blackmail Paris in return for sexual favors, but I will omit the sordid details), he theorizes at some length upon the evolutionary destiny of the "man not tolerant of woman." Heretofore, he argues, human development has been hampered by its dependence on natural generation. With the advent of "artificial propagation," however, all that will change. While, in the past, those "men intolerant of women" have been hounded and persecuted and unable, for the most part, to pass along the "power of their mutation," they will in the future become "more and more numerous." He envisions the evolutionary "demise" of the female and the emergence of a "virile, new man." In short, McKee imagines himself the forerunner of a superior new race destined to "people the earth like mountainous spore explosions with their own kind." Although Willing-

ham clearly intends this sophomoric theorizing of McKee's to be read as a parody of Nietzschean naturalism, it also identifies McKee as the masochistic counterpart to the brutally sadistic Paris. Indeed, McKee worships Paris as a sort of Nietzschean *Übermensch*, albeit one not fully aware of the true nature of his superiority. In the moral economy of Willingham's novel, both of these cadets represent equally repulsive versions of masculinity.

One of the weaknesses of *End as a Man* is that cadet Marquales' association with these two negative models of manhood is merely adventitious. While he is gratified by the signs of favor that they show him, he is not deeply drawn by or attracted to either. One could imagine a different novel in which Marquales, uncertain of his own masculinity, struggles in heroic fashion against the influence of both these models toward a more mature and genuinely virile understanding of manhood. But no such development arises. It is true that, in the end, he rejects the friendship of both, but only in a desperate attempt to save his own skin. If there is a hero in this novel, it is The Academy's president, Gen. A.L. Draughton, who emerges somewhat surprisingly at the end as the most admirable image of manhood on offer here. Early on, Draughton (possibly modeled on Gen. Charles P. Summerall, who was serving as president of the Citadel when Willingham attended) appears as a distant authority, given to speechifying in the rather stilted rhetoric of the Edwardian era. By the end of the novel, however, when we see him at close quarters, he is a more engaging figure: a man of great dedication and strength of will whose whole being is focused on the daunting task of transforming 1,600 cadets into officers capable of leading others into battle. His final speech to them, on the occasion of Paris' expulsion, is also the novel's last word on manhood. He reminds the assembly that the

world is full of the shattered bodies and crushed spirits of men who have been unable to master themselves. . . . No youth can pass through four years of The Academy and not end as a man. . . . Think of that word; listen to it. Man. A simple monosyllable, but it has great force. Nothing is stronger than this word, for without the quality it signifies, the life of the race, and your own, is rendered utterly futile.

Of course, such a speech could not be delivered at the Citadel today, for among the assembly would be scattered a number of young women, whose presence at that venerable institution was mandated in 1995 by the 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the name of equal opportunity.

Having read *End as a Man* with great interest, I paid a visit to the Citadel library to look up Willingham's picture in the 1941 number of the cadet yearbook, *The Sphinx*. Sure enough, there he was, smiling impishly, looking very much as he does on the dust jacket of the Vanguard Press first edition of the novel. What most drew my interest, however, were the faces of the 1941 graduating class, many of whom would soon see action in World War II. The maturity of those faces was striking; they were—most of them—the faces of men, so unlike the childish male visages that throng our campuses today in search of anything but self-mastery.



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Virtual Education Reality

Facilitating Democracy

by William Barr

In his book *Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning* (1978), Russell Kirk wrote of the “personal and social danger” caused by sham schooling in American colleges. Kirk loathed the commodification of college education and saw it as an example of a success-driven people putting the quest for the ideal way of life further and further behind them. He warned that, if school administrators emphasized managerial skills, two things would happen: Faculty would lose interest in scholarship and become academic careerists, and student populations would be filled with loafers, ever trying to lighten the heavy load of thinking.

Richard Weaver, who was, among other things, a professor of English at the University of Chicago, warned about “the surfeit of falsity born of technology and commercialism.” Privately owned, for-profit colleges offering cyber-education certainly fit that description. Indeed, when I uncovered five cases of student plagiarism, including the copying of whole paragraphs, in the sole “module” that I “facilitated” at a University of Phoenix (UoP) campus, I was struck by a “surfeit of falsity.” Even more so, when I heard nothing from the administration after turning in the names of these students midway through our module.

UoP claims to be “the largest university in the world,” but most of its students pursue coursework online. With a number of UoP campuses spread across the country, a minority of enrolled students attend all or some of their courses under the care of classroom “facilitators.” In a given three-credit-hour course, the undergraduates of traditional institutions typically receive 40 hours of classroom instruction. The beneficiaries of “facilitation” spend only half of that time in class and are supposed to spend another 20 hours teaching themselves the subject in “learning teams.” (The teams can hold “virtual” meetings online.) The facilitator operates under severe restrictions imposed by a canned curriculum, which must be followed to the letter. For example, cheaters cannot be flunked out of the module (they are simply not rewarded credit for the assignments in question), and academic credit must be awarded for attendance alone.

UoP suffers from a high turnover of faculty, administration, and support staff. The school claims to hire only full-time instructors, but 95 percent of the facilitators are part-time. (The average for American colleges is 47 percent.)

At UoP, the very structure of the classes makes it difficult, if not impossible, for faculty to guide students in writing their papers. The sources students tend to submit are strings of website addresses, and teachers are forbidden from banning such sources in what are euphemistically called the “drafts” of student papers. Some of the papers submitted to me dem-

onstrated an incapacity to distinguish a credible source from lying, insipid propaganda. Given the rigid structure of the canned curriculum, there was no way to demand a rewrite after critiquing a genuine first draft.

Moreover, the UoP curriculum for on-campus courses requires faculty to assign group projects, or “tasks,” and students are often outraged if they receive a lower grade for classroom presentation than another member of their “learning team.” My students expected, and routinely received, A’s in their other “modules” and did not hesitate to sing what to many was a constant refrain at UoP: “I’m paying for this class.”

UoP students are typically described as “midcareer workers seeking college degrees” who are out to pad their résumés. The school is accredited by the North Central Association Commission on Accreditation and School Improvement and has a 16-percent graduation rate. With the average graduation rate for degree-granting colleges hovering around 55 percent (according to the U.S. Department of Education), UoP’s is among the lowest in the United States. At some UoP campuses, online and on-ground rates of graduation dip as low as four percent. That does not make for much of a diploma mill.

Called “the giant of for-profit post-secondary education” by the *New York Times*, UoP raked in \$1.8 billion in student aid for the 2004-05 school year. With its whopping enrollment of 300,000 students, it receives more federal student financial aid than any other college in the country. And now, the school is being accused in federal district court of obtaining hundreds of millions of dollars in federal aid through fraud.

Investors in UoP’s parent corporation, the Apollo Group, lost confidence in school administrators when a host of facts and allegations surfaced at the end of 2006. Last November, CNBC featured the Apollo Group in a segment of its *Biggest Loser* series, noting the company’s plummeting stock prices, and the credibility of UoP suffered. In January, lawyers for UoP appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court to reverse the federal appellate court’s ruling, insisting that the school faced a “potentially bankrupting liability” if the verdict in the fraud trial went against them.

This is not the first significant legal case mounted against the school. According to an investigative report by the U.S. Department of Education in 2004, UoP “systematically operates in a duplicitous manner.” The investigation grew out of allegations in a whistle-blower lawsuit filed in federal district court by two enrollment counselors from a UoP campus located in California. UoP, admitting to no wrongdoing in their student-recruitment practices, settled the case out of court by paying the plaintiffs \$9.8 million to drop the suit.

Intel Corporation, the foremost manufacturer of computer chips, no longer includes UoP in its tuition-reimbursement program. One company manager reported last November that

William Barr is the headmaster of Cottage Grove School in Cottage Grove, Tennessee.

the corporation would only provide funds for employees enrolled in more reputable institutions, not schools such as UoP, which obtain their accreditation from regional agencies.

National accrediting agencies—the Association to Advance Collegiate Schools of Business, in particular—demand more rigorous academic standards. Large companies such as Proctor & Gamble do not hire MBAs from schools lacking accreditation from the AACSB, and the AACSB's president, John Fernandez, does not think UoP should bother applying for it. "They have a lot of come-and-go faculty," he recently observed. "We like institutions where the faculty is stable and can ensure that students are being educated by somebody who knows what they [sic] are doing." Harry Levin, the William H. Kilpatrick Professor of Economics and Education at Columbia University's Teachers College, has dubbed the graduate degree awarded by UoP an "M.B.A. Lite" that comes with "a very low level of instruction."

Websites such as consumeraffairs.com, uopexperience.com, and ripoffreport.com contain numerous tales of faculty malfeasance at UoP. Prospective students are treated to an aggressive sales pitch about the "product" they can purchase from a faculty of caring people who are actually "out there" working in the fields they aspire to enter. Yet charges that UoP faculty members have made false claims about their own degrees have been substantiated. And, given the high percentage of part-time faculty, teachers often cut class time in half, because, before undertaking what is supposed to be four hours of evening "facilitation," they are already exhausted from putting in a full workday elsewhere. Some teachers have been accused of being too disengaged to offer significant or thought-provoking observations on student work. Students often say that, whether you are in a virtual or a real classroom at UoP, "You're teaching yourself."

And yet, isn't that what Deweyite "facilitation" is all about? Don't we live in an age in which students are expected to evaluate their teachers? In my brief brush with UoP, I heard repeatedly that, while yesterday's discredited and superseded hierarchal pedagogy featured "a sage on the stage," today's democratic masters should "facilitate" learning in a community of equals. In our pep rallies (faculty meetings), it was made quite clear that keeping up student morale and confidence was terribly important; the importance of virtue and truth was not a regular topic of discussion.

According to Vicky Phillips of GetEducated.com, 750 accredited degrees can be pursued online. Her site lists 120 accredited online MBA programs. UoP may be the most aggressively advertised distance-learning school, but per graduate hour, its tuition is almost double that of Baker College, a private school in Michigan. A number of public universities offer online degrees at prices competitive with UoP. At \$57,000 for an online bachelor's degree in business, UoP asks four times the tuition of the institutions on Phillips' "Best Buys" list, including Fort Hayes State University in Kansas and the University of Wyoming Online. "Online learners must take the initiative to ferret out the best buys in name brand online education," she writes. She also notes that publicly supported colleges often do not advertise their course offerings widely.

Former students sometimes accuse UoP of bait-and-switch scams. One received a student financial-aid check, cashed it, then spent it, only to be informed that her award had been reduced. Unable to repay the difference, she soon found that

her credit had tanked, and the school placed her on academic suspension. If being self-supporting, working part-time, and going to school full-time in an accelerated degree program sounds too good to be true, maybe it is.

I heard repeatedly that, while yesterday's discredited and superseded hierarchal pedagogy featured "a sage on the stage," today's democratic masters should "facilitate" learning in a community of equals. In our pep rallies (faculty meetings), it was made quite clear that keeping up student morale and confidence was terribly important; the importance of virtue and truth was not a regular topic of discussion.

Some students complain of receiving harassing calls at work from UoP bureaucrats. Others never hear back from UoP administrators when they telephone or e-mail with urgent questions regarding their financial status. Some students have even found that their transfer credits have been removed because of "lost" paperwork. Still others who have been several credit hours shy of graduation have received UoP letters demanding repayment in full of loans or the immediate filing of deferments with a schedule to repay.

Even the résumé padding that many online MBA seekers think they have purchased has been known to disappear. Students complain of losing promotions at work that were predicated upon the completion of their UoP degree, thanks to administrative bungling. The vaguely worded class names of some UoP courses have made their transfer to other colleges difficult or impossible. For a "virtual classroom," UoP is frequently criticized for operating in an outmoded, low-tech format. Tuition rates are increased without warning to meet expectations of Apollo Group shareholders and the prospective buyers of shares on the open market.

The list of complaints is a mile long: "I escaped the clutches of the Apollo Group"; "UoP was an albatross around the neck of my whole family"; "I was misinformed by hard sell tactics and unclear language in their financial agreement." My favorite gripe was that attending UoP was "one of the worst experiences of my life—and I have had a sordid life."

"The Internet democratized opportunities to learn," observes Theodore J. Marchese, vice president of the American Association for Higher Education. "That's the beauty of the American system." Of course, prison could be described in the same terms. And, compared with the electronic "classrooms" and their live "modular" counterparts, the democratization offered by America's penal system is relatively inexpensive. ◊

The Retreat
(For Bishop Joseph Grech)
by Andrew Huntley

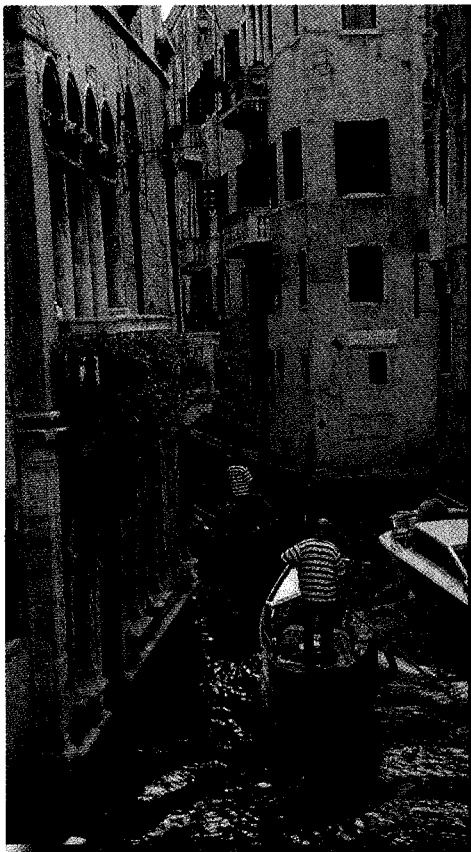
Our sunny Bendigo—placidity—
Where living's easy though the pastures dry,
A sojourner from ceaseless Sydney, I
Warm in your air of settled buoyancy.
But near your centre, all the same (where we
May hear the fountain promise passers-by
That gushings of the here and now can't die),
The sheer cathedral soars emphatically.
Still, hardly noticed—there in any view—
A tourist destination at its hill,
And yet distinct from worship in the sun:
Its spire insists on where all worship's due . . .
And signals, God withdrawn could see us, chill—
Outside *His* City, when time's warmth is done.

On Looking at a Green Man Carving
by Tina Brown-Warren

The Green Man smiles; the Green Man lies.
Beneath his heavy-lidded eyes
I see the gleam of lust unspoken
And all the Magic he'd invoke
Were he a Druid, and I the Oak.

Though tangled now in woody vines
Pent in by circumstance and Fate
His grainy countenance defines
All I could fear from Love or Hate.

No wood nymph I, I'd flee the grip
Of heavy thighs and fingertips
Til woods turned fields, the centuries passed
And safety I could find at last.



*"What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants are the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?"*

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Robert Browning is only one of a long list of great writers—from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Byron to Henry James, Thomas Mann, and Ernest Hemingway—who fell in love with Venice. Who wouldn't go to Venice, if he had a chance to go in the company of congenial souls and to learn something about the amazing republic that challenged kingdoms and empires (while making a profit) and stood in the path of the Ottoman Turk? William McNeill called Venice "the hinge of Europe" because it was Venice, and before Venice, Ravenna, that connected Europe with the vital culture of the Byzantine Empire, a culture manifested in the domes and spires of San Marco and Ravenna's exquisite mosaics (Italy's finest).

N.B. All prices increase \$300.00 after December 15, 2007. Registration is limited. Previous events have sold out. Registration fees are based on current exchange rates; the Institute reserves the right to assess a fee, should rates change significantly at the dollar's expense.

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www.rockfordinstitute.org/events

Italy's Push for Euthanasia

An End to "Pointless Suffering"

by Alberto Carosa

Thanks, in part, to the presence of the Roman Catholic Church, Italy has remained one of the least secularized countries in the European Union. At present, however, the Italian government, led by Prime Minister Romano Prodi, seems hellbent on irking the Catholic Church with its legislative initiatives, including its attempt to legalize homosexual unions and euthanasia, begun in early 2007.

An Italian anesthesiologist, Dr. Mario Riccio, has served as a catalyst for the recent push for legalized euthanasia: On December 20, 2006, he "helped" 61-year-old Piergiorgio Welby, a hippie poet and activist suffering from advanced muscular dystrophy, to die.

Some commentators drew parallels between Terri Schiavo and Welby, but there is a fundamental difference: Mrs. Schiavo did not ask to be euthanized, whereas Mr. Welby did call for the plug to be pulled, and the Italian doctor acted on Welby's explicit request.

The method is always the same: A pathetic case is identified by the media, who profile it as much as they can to stir emotion so that the public will put pressure on legislators to repeal the old law and replace it with a new one. This is exactly what happened in Italy with divorce (1972) and abortion (1978). Urged on by the media, a fretful and outraged public demanded new laws to protect people who found themselves in exceptional and desperate situations. Then, after a few short years, the exceptions became the rule, creating today's culture of divorce and abortion on demand. Inevitably, the same will happen with euthanasia or "assisted suicide." Following the same moral reasoning as that of abortion advocates, mass killing will be extended to the elderly, terminally ill, and disabled and will be more and more frequently suggested as the best and most cost-effective solution to the rising costs of healthcare.

In the Netherlands, euthanasia has been tolerated since at least 1994 but had remained technically illegal till late 2000, when the lower house of the Dutch parliament made the Netherlands the first country to legalize euthanasia. In 2002, the required minimum age of candidates for euthanization was lowered to 12, and, in 2004, the loving option of "mercy killing" was extended to disabled newborns. Now, up to eight percent of infant deaths are reported to be infanticides performed by medical staff. The agonizing decision is made to relieve the "unbearable suffering" of those with "no hope of a future" or an inadequate "quality of life." A similar trend appears to have begun in England, where, early last November, the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecology sparked a blaze by suggesting that doctors euthanize newborns who have severe brain damage or major physical problems. The suggestion came in a list of recommendations to the Nuffield

Council on Bioethics. By turning doctors into killers, euthanasia advocates are completing the revolution whereby those who should save life become those who take it.

Welby's case took center stage last September, when he wrote to Italian President Giorgio Napolitano, asking to be allowed to have his respirator unplugged. His cause was championed by Italy's Radical Party (the same party that had spearheaded the divorce and abortion campaigns in the 70's, and of which Welby had become a member some years ago) and the Associazione Luca Coscioni (of which Welby was co-president), which argued on Welby's behalf that the Italian courts should recognize his right to "die with dignity."

A court in Rome ruled in early December that, while Welby theoretically had the right to refuse his life-sustaining medical therapy, this right could not be exercised, because there was no legislation explicitly enshrining it in Italian law. Welby's lawyers filed an appeal, insisting that, if Welby possessed such a right, he should be allowed to exercise it. The overriding consideration, they demanded, must be his desire to refuse treatment, because doctors have no right to treat patients who do not want such services.

The Catholic Church's outright rejection of euthanasia had been hovering in the background, with Benedict XVI relentlessly insisting that life must be protected from conception to natural death. And the Church's top official on health issues, Javier Cardinal Lozano Barragán (who heads the Pontifical Council for Health Pastoral Care), addressed Welby's case specifically, arguing that his request to die might be ethically acceptable if doctors had decided that the respirator was uselessly prolonging his final agony—which would not amount to euthanasia. "The doctors must say whether the machine that helps him breathe is useless or disproportionate and whether it only prolongs the lead-up to an imminent death," he told ANSA (an Italian news service). "If the answer is yes, then the machine can be unplugged."

Italy's Supreme Health Council (CSS) ruled that the artificial respirator keeping Welby alive could not be considered an aggressive or disproportionate form of therapy. This was another blow to Welby, whose case had rested, in part, on the contention that the continued use of a respirator was excessive because his life had become a form of torture. Nonetheless, a few hours after the CSS made its ruling, Dr. Riccio administered sedatives to Welby and turned off his respirator. This prompted the CSS only to call for future guidelines for euthanasia, saying that new legislation was needed to regulate such cases and establish the line between necessary and excessive medical treatment.

Riccio answered the call of the Radical Party, which had vowed to help Welby. "We are ready to unplug Welby's respirator as soon as he asks us to," they promised in December.

Alberto Carosa, an independent journalist, writes from Rome.

"We don't want to be accomplices to torturers who are insensitive to his suffering." In an open letter to the Italian parliament in November, Welby had said that Italian lawmakers had left him no choice but to carry out an act of "civil disobedience" with the aid of the Radicals.

After the deed was done, Riccio repented, saying he would never "assist" again, but the CSS's show of impotence refueled the debate and further split public opinion. The Radical Party repeated the view that the anesthesiologist had done nothing wrong and called on the National Federation of Doctors to recognize this publicly. "Dr Riccio acted in full respect of the [physicians'] code of ethics. The federation is duty bound to come out in his defence," a party emissary said, adding that it would be "mortifying" for Italian doctors if their representative body did nothing. "Doctors must see that their professional activity always respects fundamental human rights."

Amid the firestorm of debate that followed Welby's "assisted suicide," Pope Benedict XVI has addressed euthanasia, in general, and the Welby case, in particular, a number of times. In his World Day of Peace message this past January, Benedict cautioned that "abortion and euthanasia undermine peace," and, on at least two previous occasions, he made specific reference to the Welby case. In his Angelus message last Christmas Eve, the Pope declared that, "In the God who makes himself man for us, we all feel loved and welcomed, we discover that we are precious and unique in the eyes of the Creator." He said this just a few moments after Welby's non-religious "lay" funeral had concluded. "The birth of Christ helps us to become aware of the value of human life, the life of every human being, from the first instant to natural death." His thoughts were still on this subject during his traditional *Urbi et Orbi* message on Christmas Day. "This humanity of the twenty-first century appears as a sure and self-sufficient master of its own destiny, the avid proponent of uncontested triumphs," he observed.

So it would seem, yet this is not the case. People continue to die of hunger and thirst, disease and poverty, in this age of plenty and of unbridled consumerism. Some people remain enslaved, exploited and stripped of their dignity; others are victims of racial and religious hatred, hampered by intolerance and discrimination, and by political interference and physical or moral coercion with regard to the free profession of their faith. Others see their own bodies and those of their dear ones, particularly their children, maimed by weaponry, by terrorism and by all sorts of violence, at a time when everyone invokes and acclaims progress, solidarity and peace for all. And what of those who, bereft of hope, are forced to leave their homes and countries in order to find humane living conditions elsewhere? How can we help those who are misled by facile prophets of happiness, those who struggle with relationships and are incapable of accepting responsibility for their present and future, those who are trapped in the tunnel of loneliness and who often end up enslaved to alcohol or drugs? What are we to think of those who choose death in the belief that they are celebrating life?

The Holy Father reiterated his thoughts on the dangers of euthanasia on March 22, when he addressed the plenary session

of the Pontifical Council for Health Pastoral Care.

During the renewed political debate over the rights of the terminally ill to refuse life-sustaining therapy, Rome prosecutors opened a file on Welby's death and questioned Riccio. The doctor, who has so far not been charged with any crime, denies that he performed any act of euthanasia at all, since such an act is still illegal in Italy and punishable with a ten-year prison sentence. Meanwhile, those who provoked a nationwide debate by championing Welby's request to die have begun collecting signatures for a petition demanding that Riccio face no legal consequences.

How can we help those who are misled by facile prophets of happiness, those who struggle with relationships and are incapable of accepting responsibility for their present and future, those who are trapped in the tunnel of loneliness and who often end up enslaved to alcohol or drugs? What are we to think of those who choose death in the belief that they are celebrating life?

Riccio was cleared of wrongdoing by a medical panel in early February. Subsequently, on March 6, prosecutors recommended that the legal investigation be called off, on the grounds that Riccio had acted in accordance with the Italian constitution and international agreements, which give patients the right to suspend treatments.

Meanwhile, the debate surrounding the Welby case triggered a political response, with many MPs demanding new laws that clearly spell out what action is acceptable in such cases. The Senate's health committee is currently gathering expert opinions on living wills, and a relevant bill is likely to be introduced in the Senate. This move will almost certainly ignite a fierce debate, since it will be viewed by many as an attempt to legalize euthanasia by stealth.

Meanwhile, pro-euthanasia forces have been attacking Church officials and Catholic teaching. As Welby's stated intention in pulling the plug was to hasten his death, the action was tantamount to a suicide, and the Church had no choice but to deny him a funeral. Over a thousand people showed up in protest at the secular memorial ceremony held in Rome on December 24. Even worse, some leftist Catholics and even clergy leveled criticisms at the Church for Her "hard-line" stance.

Professing Catholics who parrot the materialist and Epicurean delusions of the left need to remember the Church's teachings on suffering: Whether in this life or beyond, it is never "pointless." 

The Redeemed Imagination

by Jack Trotter

"The virtue of the imagination is its reaching, by intuition and intensity of gaze (not by reasoning, but by its authoritative opening and revealing power), a more essential truth than is seen at the surface of things."

—John Ruskin

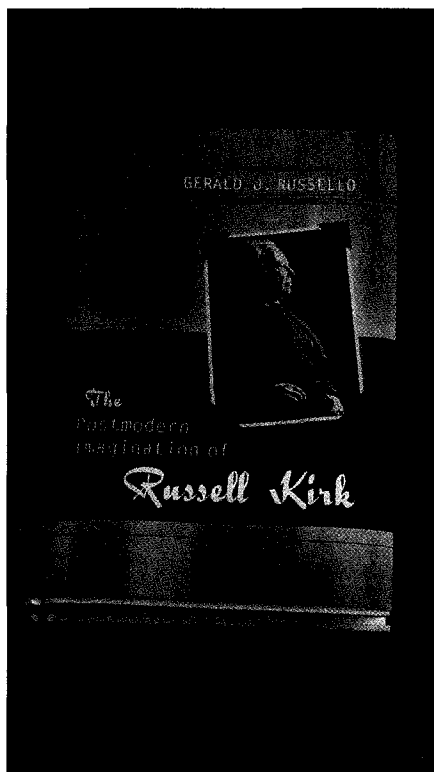
The Postmodern Imagination of Russell Kirk

by Gerald J. Russello

Columbia: University of Missouri Press;
264 pp., \$44.95

Few concepts in contemporary intellectual debate are more hotly contested than the idea of the postmodern. The term designates, in its primary meaning, a movement in contemporary art away from the austere and often tragic sensibility of high modernism toward a more "playful" celebration of fragmentation, discontinuity, and "depthlessness." In this sense, *postmodern* has been commonly employed since the 1960's to characterize a range of otherwise disparate styles of art, from Andy Warhol's iconic Campbell's-soup-can silkscreens to Robert Mapplethorpe's grotesque photographic self-portraits. By the late 1970's, the cognate *postmodernism* was frequently employed to describe a cognitive break with the foundational philosophical assumptions of the modern era. More recently, however, the adjectival use of *postmodern* has proliferated like bad money. In popular usage, postmodern art has been joined by a glad-handing host of eager wannabes: Meet postmodern science, postmodern ministry, and postmodern principles of management. Everybody, it seems, has become a connoisseur of the "postmodern condition," though no one can quite agree about what sort of treatment the condition requires. The memorable refrain of the

Jack Trotter writes from Charleston,
South Carolina.



Melanie Anderson

old Kenny Rogers hit might well serve as the mantra of the postmodern age: "I just dropped in (to see what condition my condition was in)."

Nonetheless, a perusal of the academic literature on the subject reveals that the terms have now come to stand for an epochal break with virtually everything associated with the Enlightenment. Thus, modernity is eclipsed by postmodernity in its (by now) reflexive rejection of the "metanarrative" of Progress and its correlates: the worship of empirical reason; the belief in a stable, coherent, and autonomous self; and the conviction that language is characterized by transparency of meaning (an unambiguous relation between signifier and signified). To that extent, there is some consensus about the meaning of the *postmodern*, broadly understood. Agreement begins to break down, however, when one asks whether

postmodernity represents a genuine break with modernity, or whether it is merely a temporary reaction against (yet within) the ongoing modern "project" (as Jürgen Habermas, among others, has argued).

Given the seemingly interminable ramifications of this ongoing debate (far too complex to reprise here), it is no exaggeration to say that Gerald Russello, in titling his new book *The Postmodern Imagination of Russell Kirk*, has strolled into the middle of a semantic minefield. Moreover, he is aware that many conservatives react with visceral repugnance at the mere mention of postmodernism, associating it with deconstructionism in literature, with nihilism in philosophy, and with supercilious posturing in the arts. But Russello is quick to note that one of the earliest writers to employ the term was the conservative Anglican clergyman Bernard Iddings Bell, whose *Postmodernism and Other Essays* (1926) was a seminal influence on later conservatives, including Kirk himself. According to Bell, the modernist places "his trust in the sufficiency of his own mind," in the unerring capacity of reason to uncover, not only the laws of nature, but the fundamental principles of a just and well-ordered society. That Cartesian faith in the infallibility of reason was, of course, the enabling delusion of the Enlightenment and of the positivist cult of "scientism" that sailed in its wake.

Yet, if to be skeptical of the truth claims of the Enlightenment is enough to make one a postmodernist, then the genealogy of postmodernism would reach back at least as far as such Counter-Enlightenment figures as Joseph de Maistre and Edmund Burke. Certainly, Russello acknowledges such thinkers as precursors of the postmodern, but he is not always

clear about what distinguishes postmodernism *per se* from its precursors. This is much easier to accomplish if one turns to the Nietzschean line of French postmodernists—Derrida, Foucault, Deleuze, *et al.*—whose radical skepticism seeks to “unmask” not only Enlightenment reason but the *Logos* itself as merely a structure of domination. In short, what has become mainstream postmodernism is, in essence, a nihilistic attack on all transcendent truth claims, upon the entire tradition of Western metaphysics. Clearly, then, if Kirk was a postmodernist, he wasn’t *that* sort of postmodernist. To bolster his claim that such an animal as a “conservative postmodernist” might be something more than a morphologist’s nightmare (like Othello’s Anthropophagi, those “men whose heads / Do grow beneath their shoulders”), Russello turns to Peter Augustine Lawler, whose *Postmodernism Rightly Understood* (1999) is an attempt to do just that.

According to Lawler, whose argument against postmodernism as commonly understood converges at some key points with the position of the archmodernist Habermas (whom Russello mentions only in passing), the Nietzschean line of postmodernist thought really never escapes the modern—it is, rather, hypermodernism. In this view, while the *haute* postmodernist clerisy seeks to deconstruct any “residual modern faith in reason or nature,” they do so “only in the name of completing the modern project of liberating the individual’s subjective or willful and whimsical perspective from all external constraints.” Only a conservative postmodernism, counters Lawler, offers a path out of the wasteland of modernity. Only such a conservatism recognizes that our radical contingency is also a radical dependency on an authority that transcends and yet ratifies the goodness of created being. Yet, as brilliant as Lawler is in stripping away the pretense of the hypermodernists to have somehow escaped the modernist shipwreck, one is left wondering why it is that he (or Russello) feels such a compelling need to attach such a hopelessly vacuous adjective to the venerable name of “conservatism.”

To do justice to Russello, it is quite true that Kirk himself adopted the term *postmodern* at an early date and used it not infrequently to describe the present era, which he also called—in his curiously 18th-century manner—the “Age of Sentiments.” As he wrote in *Redeeming the Time* (1996), the “Age of Discussion”

(which Kirk identified with the now exhausted liberal confidence in rational discourse) has been superseded by a new age in which “the immense majority of human beings will feel with the projected images they behold on the television screen” and will be “aroused by sentiments rather than reflections.” Kirk’s observations here and elsewhere do have something in common with postmodernist theorizing about the power of the “image” in a digitized, media-saturated world. Yet his rather antiquated dichotomy (between “discussion” and “sentiment”) suggests that Kirk had failed to come fully to grips with the power and sophistication of contemporary mass media. Virtually everything now is enveloped in an electronic cloud of simulation. The real disappears with a Cheshire grin into the hyperreal. Selves are dissolved and reconstituted as nodes of desire within an all-encompassing global agora, which reminds one of nothing so much as Plato’s Parable of the Cave, where prisoners unaware of the nature of their bondage gaze upon the shadows of images and take them for truth. Kirk was hopeful that the “Age of Sentiments” might prove to be more amenable to conservative ideas and traditions, but, thus far, only a simulacrum called neoconservatism seems to have gained any significant market share.

The key term in Russello’s title is *imagination*, which, for Kirk, was the antithesis of ideology. And, as Russello takes great pains to demonstrate, Kirk’s career as a writer and conservative thinker could well be described as a sustained campaign against the ideological deformation of the “permanent things,” by which he meant those universal truths that, because of the limited and fallen nature of humanity, could only be transmitted through custom and tradition, ritual and precedent. To abstract those truths from the living traditions in which they are decently clothed, from the multiplicity of local narratives out of which the story of humanity emerges, is to render them lifeless, inert, and dangerous. Despite his own occasional lapses into ideological thinking, Kirk was acutely aware that tradition itself becomes ossified without the aid of imagination, particularly what he called the “moral imagination.” For each new generation, the “permanent things” must be reimagined (not reinvented) according to the circumstances of place and historical change.

Perhaps what Russello means when

he calls Kirk’s life and work an act of postmodern imagination has something to do with the degree of self-consciousness that we who live amidst the rubble of modernity must bring to the work of conserving the past. Modernity has been a process of “creative destruction” of the past, of the patrimony of many centuries, and there will be no easy recovery. That patrimony has become so attenuated, so utterly drained of its substance, that we are left in the paradoxical position of conservators who must reconstruct that which we wish to conserve. Over against the sterile rationality of modernity, Kirk saw that the conservation of tradition involves a work of the “redeemed imagination,” one which, as Russello puts it, “would be able to join in the joys and the suffering of others by means of an imaginative reconstruction of the materials that compose self and community.” Russello further ties this Kirkian notion of the “redeemed imagination” to an “emerging” postmodern view, one that reaches beyond the merely “parodic imagination” and recognizes the need for ethical participation in history. It is not at all clear, however, that Kirk saw fully just how radically altered the American “tradition” had become during (and, perhaps, before) his own lifetime.

In view of Russello’s claim that Kirk may be classed among the postmodernists (rightly understood), and thus at the very “cutting edge” of contemporary conservatism, it is disappointing that he does not engage at greater length those dissenting voices that would have it that Kirk’s relevance is today much diminished, and that his influence may be, in certain respects, debilitating. The most prominent of such voices was that of Sam Francis, who, in the pages of this magazine (September 2004), argued that Kirk’s conservatism is, and always was, “archaic.” While Francis did not deny Kirk’s importance as an exponent of “classical” conservatism, he contended that Kirk spent his life defending a cause that was already lost before he began. In this view, Kirk’s claim to have discovered a still-vital conservative tradition in American society (a position defended in *The Conservative Mind* as well as in the later *Roots of American Order*) was simply misguided, in large part because Kirk took as his guiding light the conservatism of Edmund Burke. Burke, according to Francis, was in the enviable position of defending a traditional order that was, indeed, still vital. By Kirk’s time, he argues, that tradition had already been overthrown by a revolution that began

with Lincoln and which was all but completed by the politics of the New Deal. "The problem today," Francis wrote,

is not how to conserve [a bankrupt American order], let alone how to persuade Americans that it ought to be conserved. The problem . . . is how to convince Americans that it ought to be—and can be—changed.

Francis's accusations, if they have validity, suggest a massive failure of political imagination (postmodern or otherwise) on the part of Kirk and his traditionalist disciples. Russello refers to such criticisms in passing, but mounts no convincing defense against them.

It is not likely that readers who are well versed in Russell Kirk's life and thought will find altogether persuasive Russello's attempt to ally the Sage of Mecosta with an emergent conservative postmodernism. Yet there is much to recommend this volume. Although not a lengthy work, Russello's book covers in some detail the most important aspects of Kirk's thought: his historiography, his politics, and his jurisprudence. While these have been discussed exhaustively elsewhere, especially in the pages of such journals as *Modern*

Age (founded by Kirk) and the *Intercollegiate Review*, Russello manages at times to bring fresh insight to bear upon our understanding of Kirk's legacy. Especially interesting, for example, is his treatment of Kirk's "intuitionist" vision of natural law. Here, Russello locks horns with Wesley McDonald, author of *Russell Kirk and the Age of Ideology* (2004). In McDonald's view, Kirk's deeply ingrained dislike of abstraction in all its forms inclined him to reject any conception of natural law "that predefines the good for all time." Yet, at the same time, Kirk (who was a Catholic convert) repeatedly claimed that his conception of the natural law was compatible with the Thomist tradition. For McDonald (who is clearly hostile to that same tradition), natural law as handed down by the medieval Scholastics was "static and predefined because the concepts of natural law are . . . unchanging and universal." While Russello concedes that Kirk's articulation of the natural-law tradition was sometimes confusing, he asserts that "it is unclear whether the tradition of natural law offered by Aquinas is as sharply rationalistic as McDonald avers." Drawing on philosophers Joseph Pieper and Yves Simon, Russello argues that Scholastic thought does not strictly separate reason

and intuition. Both are modes of understanding that work in tandem. *Ratio* (discursive, logical thought) must be supplemented by *intellectus*, a form of knowing that includes the capacity of *simplex intuitus*, which, as Pieper notes, is "that simple vision to which truth offers itself like a landscape to the eye." Whereas *ratio* is active, *intellectus* is passive understanding, but "the process of knowing," Russello argues, "consists in the operation of both at once." In his study of Kirk, McDonald forcefully argues against Thomistic (or Catholic) readings of Kirk's intellectual legacy. Russello seems to be defending such readings, while offering a more expansive definition of the Scholastic heritage.

The Postmodern Imagination of Russell Kirk is a book that will serve not only as a fresh introduction to Kirk's groundbreaking career as one of the principle architects of modern American conservatism, but also as a provocative and intelligent guide for the already well-versed reader. Russello, who is a fellow of the Chesterton Institute and editor of the *University Bookman* (also founded by Kirk), possesses an impressively detailed knowledge of the whole of the Kirkian corpus, and his writing is generally clear if not always as penetrating as one might wish. However, it is odd that Russello did not include a chapter on Kirk's fictional works—especially since Russello places so much emphasis on the roles of narrative and imagination in Kirk's thought. Russello does mention in passing that Kirk often used his fictions of the supernatural to illustrate, symbolically, the workings of the moral imagination, but the reader is offered nothing to support this claim. Given the recent critical upsurge of interest in such writers as H.P. Lovecraft, Russello may have missed a golden opportunity to advance our understanding of Kirk's unorthodox orthodoxy in an area that has been sorely neglected.

Finally, while the University of Missouri Press must be congratulated for its continuing efforts over the years to publish studies of conservative scholars and writers such as Kirk and Eric Voegelin, it has not served Russello or Kirk well on this occasion. *The Postmodernism of Russell Kirk* is riddled with typographical and grammatical errors—not to mention a fair number of stylistic solecisms—which more careful editing should have prevented. Indeed, this reviewer has not run across a book so sloppily edited in many a year—particularly, the first half of the volume. The spirit of Russell Kirk, "archaic" conservative or not, deserves better. <C>

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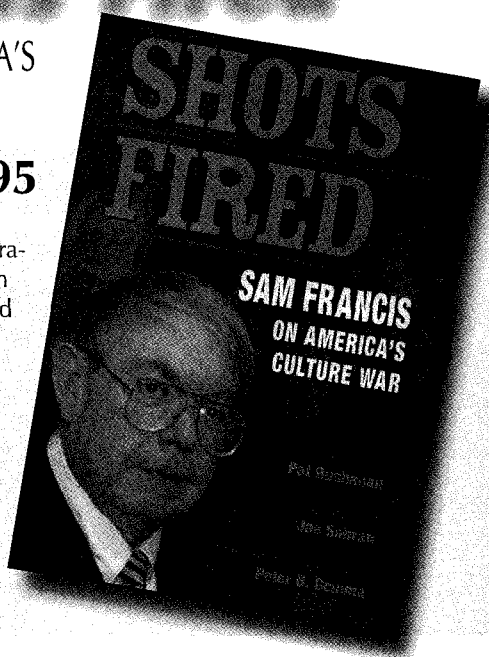
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Cool Britannia Gothic

by Catharine Savage Brosman

The Thirteenth Tale

by Diane Setterfield

New York: Atria Books; 407 pp., \$26.00

Does the public get the books it wants? Publishers, in their own interest, make it their business to see to that, whether it is a question of chemistry textbooks or novels. While recent sales of earlier textbooks can suggest what the market will be for new ones, when it comes to fiction, publishers must play their hunches, taking into account current tastes and trends. What is needed, for a book that hundreds of thousands will buy, is either a well-known name that acts like a magnet, or a sure best-seller formula, or some quality that, *via* publicity and reviewing, can lift it into the public imagination. Established favorites often win at the literary racetrack, of course; sometimes, gambles lead to nothing; other dark horses turn out to be winners.

This dark novel by Diane Setterfield, who was born in 1964 in Berkshire and lives in Yorkshire, is a winner, for her and also the publishers, doubtless. The manuscript was the object of a bidding war in both Great Britain and the United States. Ultimately, Orion paid her an advance of 800,000 pounds sterling for the British rights, and Simon & Schuster, which owns the Atria imprint, one million dollars for the U.S. rights. These extraordinary advances to a previously unpublished author say much about publishing and the fiction market. The book topped the best-seller lists in America, but, as British commentators remarked, sales have been more modest in England. A paperback edition is to appear in October 2007. An abridged audio version with Lynn Redgrave, an unabridged version, an e-book, and a Spanish translation already exist.

The Thirteenth Tale, which takes place chiefly on the Yorkshire moors, is a Gothic novel of suspense and horror. That is a selling point; the Barnes & Noble website says that admirers of Charlotte Brontë and Daphne Du Maurier will enjoy this book. Setterfield told an interviewer that, as a university student, she bought only books identified as classics rather than invest-

ing in contemporary fiction. Among fictional antecedents mentioned within the book are *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Woman in White* (Wilkie Collins's 1860 detective novel, a very early example of the genre), *The Turn of the Screw*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *The Castle of Otranto* (by Horace Walpole, 1764). To speak of antecedents is not to suggest lack of originality; the author's adaptation of fictional patterns and conventions is brilliant. As Vida Winter (a character) observes, all stories derive from others. Vida cites, among the basic plot patterns of European tales (which have been analyzed in fact by contemporary structural narratologists), the pattern of three (subtly visible here): three sons or daughters, three tests, three adversaries. *Jane Eyre* is mentioned frequently; a governess reads from it to her young and impressionable pupils—surely a strange choice—and a page torn out has enigmatic meaning. Further similarities to Gothic fiction include equivalents to the “madwoman in the attic.” (One character is confined to an asylum.) Others lock themselves in or are forced into seclusion; one seems to be an apparition; a set of twins is half-feral. Add to that a ruined house, a destructive fire (arson) and attempted murder, apparent magic and ghosts, a foundling, unspeakable crimes—almost surely, incest and rape—births shrouded in fog and strange deaths, and other hidden facts that only gradually and circuitously come to light.

The structure is a frame-narrative, with frequent switching from outer to inner story and thematic connections between the two, almost eerie. Margaret Lea, the first narrator, to whom the second, Vida, tells her story (the more important), is not merely a passive auditor; Margaret, who also searches for part of her past, must play the role of detective because Vida, having lived a lie and then, as a novelist, made a career out of storytelling, is untruthful, even as she expresses the desire to reveal herself. Layers upon layers must be peeled back. Setterfield's handling of Margaret's discovery process, which relies partly (the reader finds) on Vida's subtle switching of pronouns, is very skillful. The author eschews narrative cheating—deliberately planting false clues—but readers can be easily misled, as is Margaret, and are teased by intricacies in the plot.

The references to earlier suspense fiction are repeated in the manufacture of Setterfield's novel. The dust jacket

shows a stack of old volumes, recognizable by corners of bindings and the mottled green-and-white or red-and-white markings along the page edges. The novel is bound in old-fashioned maroon, and the spine has gold lettering and a design reminiscent of much earlier books. Furthermore, in a clever technique that raises a fictional character onto the plane of apparent “reality,” Setterfield, or her advisors, chose to have a quotation from Vida on the back cover; another serves as the epigraph. The cover-four quotation is not, however, promotional—Setterfield stops short of having her character praise the book—but rather a general statement about truth and fiction, drawn, like the epigraph, from the text. If one accepts the old convention of the found or passed-on manuscript, the quotations are justified, since, as the last pages reveal, the text is, ostensibly, an account written up by Margaret from extensive notes she took while Vida recounted her story, and is to be given to heirs, who may publish it if they wish.

It is of more than passing interest that Setterfield took a B.A. and then a Ph.D. in French at the University of Bristol. For her thesis, she wrote on André Gide's use of the *mise en abyme* (a term from heraldry to which he gave a special meaning)—that is, reproducing at a second narrative level plots or features from the first level. Setterfield taught French and wrote academic papers before leaving the profession to devote herself to fiction. She has observed, quite rightly, that, by working with a foreign language, one comes to understand better one's own and has acknowledged some influence from French, though more in the process of composition than in the result.

Reading *The Thirteenth Tale*, one is tempted to look for Gidean narrative techniques, perhaps as illustrated in *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* (*The Counterfeiters*, 1925). Indeed there are similarities: stories-within-stories and, thus, multiple narrators; fragmented narration; changes in perspective; quotation of letters and diary passages; and various echoes and mirror images, used by others but illustrated particularly well by Gide. Gide, who assessed his characters within the novel and in *Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs*, would have appreciated, presumably, the appearance of Vida in both the inner story and the extreme outer one, that of “reality,” where Setterfield can, ostensibly, quote from her. This blurring of narrative boundaries is not new, but Setterfield's

novel does illustrate it cleverly.

Setterfield has alluded explicitly to connections between her work and both the *mise en abyme* and the psychic phenomenon that Gide called *dédoublement*, or doubling of the self, saying that she recognized her own experience in his. Gide used the term in reference to the feeling he got, on occasions, of being not wholly present and engaged—of being outside an action even as it happened to him—and, thus, double, both participant and witness, on an uncertain footing of being. In *The Thirteenth Tale*, Margaret, the daughter of an antiquarian bookseller, is a bookish person, living chiefly through what she reads; imagination offers a reality that she observes but cannot live fully. In addition, the theme of twinning—there are two pairs—produces variations on doubling, including that of the *Doppelgänger*. Mirror motifs, common in Gide also, offer other instances of doubling. In terms of general atmosphere, if one wishes to find a precedent for Setterfield's novel among Gide's, it is his short novel *Isabelle* (1911), similarly concerned with a mystery in a country house and illegitimate birth. A character in Vida's story is named Isabelle.

The tone and topics of *The Thirteenth Tale* are in fashion, literary and otherwise. Ours is not an age of *mens sana*, rationality, and goodness. Think of the phenomenon of repressed memory, by which adults recall or, more likely, invent former experiences and postulate another self. Think of the popularity of witchcraft; the English department at my erstwhile university offered a course on witchcraft literature. Film *noir*, black jokes, magic realism, astrology, devil fixation, fascination with Halloween, "Goth" attire and body puncturing, violence in the streets and in aural and visual media, the promotion of deviancy and horrible crimes (including mutilation and serial killing), and the public's ghoulish interest in them—all these phenomena and more, whether by name, content, or both, are evidence of fascination with, and indulgence toward, the unhealthy. (Kevin Costner is quoted as saying that he sometimes "roots for" the serial killer he plays in the recent film *Mr. Brooks*.)

Does the taste for darkness and the enigmatic, for transgressing boundaries, spring from the mystery of life? Life has always been mysterious. Of course, fiction and drama depend largely on the struggles between opposing forces, and

sometimes, full-blown evil appears; but it is traditionally punished, even if, as in Greek tragedy and Shakespeare, the good are victims, too. The triumph of order over disorder, even at an awful price, is psychologically and morally satisfying, as Aristotle observed in writing about catharsis. What is not suited to our nature is perversion and its glorification. While, in Setterfield's novel, the ironies of events mean that the good may suffer, there are numerous satisfying outcomes, and wickedness does not survive to flourish another day; if one accepts certain genetic theories, evil is even explained, or, at least, its cause pushed back, in the case of the twins conceived by incest between two sadomasochists.

Another British novelist, Joanne Harris, who has been at the top of the London *Sunday Times* best-seller list, has similarly drawn for her work on disturbed behavior, magic that appears operative, and downright wickedness. *Chocolat*, which sold well on both sides of the Atlantic, was "dark and mystical," in one commentator's words; subsequent novels, especially *Gentlemen and Players* (2005) and *The Lollipop Shoes* (2007), deal with superstition and unhealthy manipulation of others through trickery, and allow amorality, even evil, to prosper; as one heroine says, "Murder is no big deal." It is a coincidence that Harris was born in 1964, like Setterfield, but perhaps not that she studied modern languages (Cambridge) and taught French language and literature: French examples may have helped her learn to handle complicated narratives. One does wonder, however, what it is that leads apparently sane women to find satisfaction in the evocation of the paranormal and creation of perverted and wicked characters. (Each insists that she does not write simply for money or fame.) One can ask the same concerning what leads the public to read about them.

Well adapted to various voices, Setterfield's style is supple and perspicacious. She describes beautifully, for instance, the effect of rain on an image in a window and sees a disease as a "distillation": "The more it reduced her, the more it exposed her essence." The diction fits a pseudo-19th-century novel, without the vileness of much modern fiction. Occasional colloquialisms—such as *cope* used absolutely, and other slips—are small flaws. What mars the writing frequently is the violation of grammatical rules, surprising in view of the author's education and the level of language displayed

otherwise. Surely someone such as Margaret, who dotes on 19th-century British fiction, would be aware of proper usage—*lie*, not *lay*, as the intransitive verb, and the subjective case after *to be*, *than*, and *as . . . as* and similar constructions. The French model does not excuse these mistakes. Gide would not have made grammatical errors.

The broad reading public does not, of course, care. What can be said for Setterfield's novel is that it appeals also to more discerning readers, especially those who like the tradition of Gothic fiction; they will be well pleased with this book.

Catharine Savage Brosman is poetry editor for *Chronicles*.

A Tattler's World

by Andrei Navrozov

The Diana Chronicles

by Tina Brown

New York: Random House;
481 pp., \$27.50



A Russian joke of relatively recent vintage comes to mind. "How could you, a Stakhanovite dairy worker, with two Red Commendations to your credit, with the Regional Party Committee foursquare behind you," a collective farm boss shouts at the terrified girl in his office, "how could you ever become a Moscow hard-currency prostitute?" "I guess I was just lucky," stammers the errant milkmaid.

In a certain narrow sense, the joke is funny. In another sense, vast and intractable, it reflects, as in a fragment of Hans Christian Andersen's shattered mirror, all the evil that the world we now live in was lucky to have amassed, along with the money, as it moved from one fairy tale to another at the close of the 20th century. In the new fairy tale, Cinderella still marries the prince, though only because the honorable estate makes it easier to pick his pockets while he sleeps, a gold Patek Philippe right there on the bed table. The prince's kiss still works a metamorphosis, yet the magic of love turns his beloved into a toad, or at least into a vituperative termagant. And if the Saint George character still fights the dragon, it is strictly in the media circus where the virgin

he's saving works as an usherette.

The trouble with fairy tales is that, like life itself under the conditions of political and economic liberty, they are untrammelled in their reliance on metaphor. Nowadays, we no longer balk at hearing that women are "raped" by the military-industrial complex; whether or not we think him a secret-police factotum, we speak of "President" Putin; it scarcely surprises us to read in a fashion magazine that black is the season's white. Under some harsher political or economic conditions, we might easily distinguish between an ounce of rye bread and a whole wheaten loaf, between the experience of rape and a vague feeling of frustration, between a murderer and a fellow whose face is just not attractive enough. In today's lineup, however, thanks to the milkmaid's luck of the West, a pox-ridden prostitute is a woman of society, an illiterate vulgarian is an award-winning author, and a gum-chewing teenager is the princess of Wales. "Oh yeah?" says the backward, regressive, socially maladjusted loner from the boondocks, "if that's so, then I'm the emperor of China!" Just wait awhile, is my advice to him. It's still early days in bedlam. One day, you will be. But are you sure you wouldn't prefer

a Nobel Prize in flower arranging, or else the governorship of Mars?

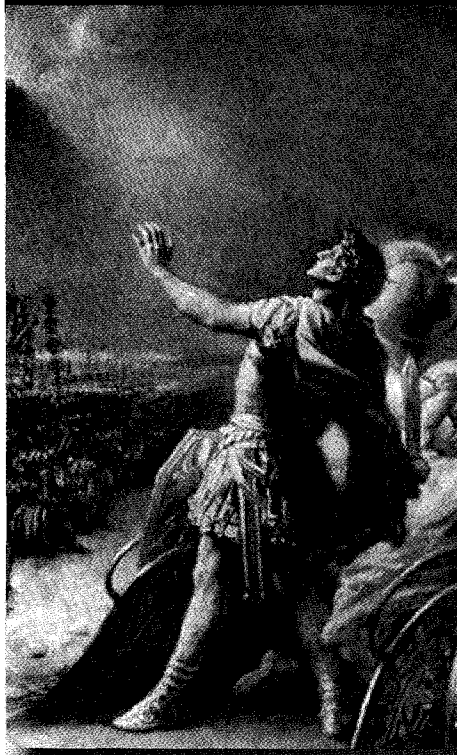
Thus Tina Brown, the author of the book under review. If the British editor of the gossip monthly *Tatler* could be made editor of the *New Yorker*, why shouldn't a gum-chewing blonde bimbo have had a go at becoming the queen of England? Personally I think that the *New Yorker*, like *Vanity Fair* that Miss Brown had famously commanded in the interim, could only have been improved by the ministrations of even the most petty-minded foreigner, much as both these journals might benefit from the insight of one of their office cleaners, but that is hardly the point here. To Miss Brown herself, her appointment was a revolution. Needless to add that Diana Spencer's good luck in marrying the prince of Wales was a salient feature of the selfsame revolution, rather like the luck of Lenin, who had overthrown the elected government of Russia with hardly a shot fired and then created the myth of Red October to clothe this unforeseen happenstance in historical legitimacy.

I cannot hide the truth that Miss Brown, with her anorexic mind and her carnivorous personality, her wispy tergiversations and her rampant metaphors, is

of rather greater interest to me than her subject's life and eventual fate. As the editor of *Tatler*, an observer and arbiter of Britain's social mores, Miss Brown used to specialize in girls like Diana, watching, teasing, and coaching them until they became ripe for revolution; for my part, as a freelance observer of the British cultural scene, I once specialized in girls like Miss Brown, chatting and drinking with them until they gave me something to write about. Miss Brown understands Diana to perfection, if only because she herself is the product of the same bedlam happenstance and the stuff of the same unhinged metaphor that, over the last 20 years, have managed to stand British society on its ear. Well, I understand Miss Brown to perfection, if only because her brand of revolution has robbed me of an adoptive homeland.

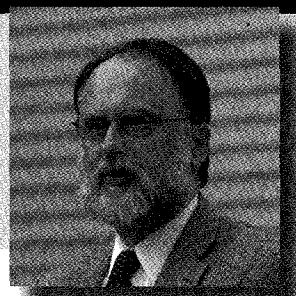
"We have put her living in the tomb." Edgar Allan Poe's line from "The Fall of the House of Usher" is how the twenty-year-old Diana Spencer experienced the days after the sound of trumpets in St Paul's Cathedral had faded. When I think of the young, beautiful, newly married Princess

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of Wales at this time I see her sitting up abruptly in the middle of the night in the Spartan spaciousness of her bedroom in Balmoral and uttering a long, blood-curdling scream . . .

The ellipsis is Miss Brown's, of course. The metaphor of suffocation, so hopelessly stilted in the hands of so inept a writer, is meant to go on dilating of its own accord, like a Chinese magic-paper ball, in the reader's brain. Note how the word *spaciousness*, undercut by *Spartan*, is a pitch for republican empathy in the hearts of suburban housewives from Peshawar to Caracas. Just how Spartan was that stifling spaciousness, as a matter of interest? Well, "it got on her nerves," for instance, "that as soon as you left a room at Balmoral, someone behind you would switch the light off," apparently to save the taxpayer's nickel in the days when the royal yacht *Britannia* had not yet been taken away from the Queen through the rabble-rousing of journalists in Miss Brown's own social circle.

On board *Britannia*, which spirits the honeymooning couple off to the Greek islands, "there were twenty-one naval officers, a crew of 256 men, a valet, a dresser, a private secretary and an equerry sharing their romantic getaway." Diana "was bored out of her mind," comments Miss Brown, "and who can blame her?"

There was no pulling into a port to hit the cafés and shops as they cruised past the playgrounds of the Mediterranean. The royal yacht could not visit foreign soil without being met and fêted by local dignitaries. Aside from the complications of the press, *Britannia* showing up means the Crown is in Town. In Port Said they had to welcome the President of Egypt, Anwar Sadat, and his wife aboard for dinner.

How perfectly horrid! Truly a scene from "The House of Usher." Just imagine the Older, Colonially loquacious, unfashionably Dark-skinned couple intruding one Gothic night on an Aryan princess's *dolce far niente*. And not even a crummy beach, or a transistor radio playing Anita Ward's "Ring My Bell," or a wad of pink bubblegum to stick on the underside of the dining-room table to make it all a little less claustrophobic in the daytime. "She loved the swimming

and the sun but the only other thing to do on the boat was read and books had never been her long suit." Her husband happened to love reading, an obnoxious habit that leads the highbrow editress of the *New Yorker* to the conclusion that "the Prince's pleasures were those of a man twice his age."

Thus, when it suits the champagne-swilling Miss Brown, royal frugality is distasteful, while in another, more politically astute mood, Miss Brown rather thinks royal profligacy must be curbed. The prince of Wales, aged 32, is much too decrepit for her doe-eyed Diana, but when this elderly bookworm has premarital affairs with other 20-year-olds, she ridicules him as immature. Reading may be a wonderful pastime for all ages when you are editing a national magazine, but equally, it's a pain in the neck and a colossal waste of time. A dark-skinned Egyptian is unfashionable under one set of rules, yet under another he is the perfect partner for a woman of sophistication and discernment out to cuckold her husband. From Freud at his most absurd to *Cosmopolitan* at its most suggestive, from Marx at his most fantastic to the *New York Times* at its most vindictive, we have all seen how the tattler's dialectic works.

Miss Brown is nothing if not a creature of this consummately contemporary approach to the discovery of truth. "Just babble away!" is how to subdue enemies and influence governments the *Tatler* way, a far more democratic prescription than stodgy old Carnegie's. "Babble without fear or favor, babble like a housewife on amphetamines, babble until the cows come home. Don't worry about contradicting yourself—isn't everything a contradiction? Forget Aristotle's excluded middle—if he's so smart, how come he's never made the *Forbes*? Let go of determinate values—remember, everything's relative! Have no fear of banality—when printed on glossy paper, or backed up with Condé Nast millions, every cliché will look as fresh as a daisy, while the Remy de Gourmonts and the Vasily Rozanovs will stay just where they are, in musty old libraries frequented by tweedy, lonesome losers like the future king of England. "Above all, remember that political, social and economic power, long sovereign over the corporeal existence of mankind, has come at last to reign over the human spirit, and every kind of literature nowadays is but a projection of this power. A Nietzsche or a Kierkegaard existed irrespective of wheth-

er they were published or by whom, while my thoughts on Prince Charles, as well as Prince Charles's own thoughts should he decide to publish them, have an immanence strictly proportional to the publisher's advances we receive."

I apologize to the reader for saying hardly a word about the wedding dress, the glass coach, the acrimonious divorce, and the tragic accident or political assassination. The great upheaval of modern times is the emergence of figures such as Miss Brown, and all the tragic accidents or political assassinations, including John F. Kennedy's, cannot compare in their destructive impact on the way we think and feel with the occlusive rise of the tattling immoralist. As for the dresses and the coaches, these have not changed since the fairy tales of our childhood days.

Andrei Navrozov is *Chronicles'* European editor.

Don't Be Like Che

by Michael J. Ard

Exposing the Real Che Guevara and the Useful Idiots Who Idolize Him

by Humberto Fontova

New York: *Sentinel*; 256 pp., \$23.95

Jean-Paul Sartre called him the era's most perfect man. The students of 1968 used his name as the watchword for their revolution. He was Ernesto "Che" Guevara, the communist revolutionary who was executed 40 years ago by CIA-led Bolivian rangers after trying to start another Vietnam in South America. Since he died, his image has endured as a symbol of proud idealism and youthful rebellion. Today, Che's example is extolled by leftist governments throughout Latin America, and his famous photograph by Alexander Korda is constantly being reproduced and worn by college students, rock stars, and runway models.

The enduring popularity of this Argentine vagabond and Marxist true believer remains an enigma. Why was Che considered a great guerrilla fighter despite bungling most of his campaigns? (He botched his last adventure in Bolivia from start to finish.) Perhaps the very ineptitude of Che has helped his image:

The beautiful loser is prominent in Latin iconography. He joins the child heroes of Chapultepec and José Martí on his white charger in the Pantheon of Noble Failure.

Humberto Fontova, in *Exposing the Real Che Guevara and the Useful Idiots Who Idolize Him*, has pitilessly boiled Che down to his essence: a committed totalitarian—he sometimes signed his correspondence “Stalin II”—who organized and led Fidel Castro’s oppressive apparatus and headed his efforts to export revolution. The Cuban revolution drove out Fontova’s family when he was seven, but just before the family left, Che’s revolutionary militia ordered Fontova’s father detained. The family, after agonized protests, departed for the United States without him. Months later, Fontova’s father made it to the land of the free. Thousands of other Cubans were not so lucky.

Fontova’s slim volume corrects the story set out by Che’s contemporary biographers, such as former Mexican Foreign Minister Jorge G. Castañeda and journalist Jon Lee Anderson, who, despite their impressive research, remain star-struck by their idol. Setting the tone for his 1997 biography, Anderson notes with pride that his daughter pledged with the other tots in her Cuban preschool, “We will be like Che!”

Let’s hope they don’t grow up to be like the real Che. His taking over a sovereign country was akin to a teenager breaking into the liquor cabinet. In *The Losers*, a reliable firsthand account of the Cuban revolution, Paul Bethel reports the story that Fidel asked his followers who was an economist. Che raised his hand. “Okay, as our economist, you’ll head the central bank.” Che responded, “Economist? I thought you said communist.” Nevertheless, Che took the reins, signing the currency simply “Che” and helping to ruin the Cuban economy.

Fiddling with the economy was bad enough, but Che did most of his damage by establishing Cuba’s police state and wiping out the revolution’s enemies. Biographers such as Castañeda gloss over this period, justifying Che’s executions as consistent with the brave sacrifice he made for his own beliefs. But Fontova argues that Che bears the responsibility for the estimated 14,000 executions that occurred in Cuba during the early 1960’s. “Of course we execute,” Che proclaimed proudly to the United Nations. In fact, he sometimes delivered the *coup de grâce* himself.

Not that Che was too handy with a gun. During the Bay of Pigs Invasion—which Che and his forces missed because a CIA decoy fooled them—Che shot himself by mishandling his own pistol. The facial scar is still visible in later photos. Nor did Che distinguish himself in other encounters with foreign foes. In one of the book’s best sections, Fontova relates how Che’s glory-seeking expeditionary force to the Congo took a beating from the legendary Mad Mike Hoare’s mercenaries, whose Cuban exile fighter pilots merrily strafed their communist countrymen.

Throughout his hard-punching book, Fontova skewers academics and others who reconfigure Che with contemporary virtues and invoke Che’s name on behalf of liberation movements. Fontova relates how Che had shocked his fellow revolutionaries, then training in Mexico, by backing Moscow’s suppression of the 1956 Hungarian revolution. Che likewise cared little for democracy. After the revolution succeeded in Cuba, journalist Nat Hentoff met with Che and respectfully asked when elections would be held. Che jumped ahead of the translation. “In Cuba?” he laughed.

Contrary to his public image, Che was no revolutionary ascetic. Like other rebel leaders, he confiscated a grand mansion in Havana. Che often indulged in love affairs even on campaign, while his troops suffered deprivations. And the haughty Argentine was no fan of the common man; he often bragged he was descended from the last Spanish viceroy. In short, Fontova spares Che nothing. He even questions whether Che had earned his medical degree in Argentina; the records are apparently murky.

Fontova believes that Che’s role in the Cuban revolution was exaggerated. A timely bribe offered by Castro to Batista’s local barracks commander probably facilitated Che’s triumphal capture of Santa Clara in the course of that uprising. Nevertheless, Che drew bold conclusions from his revolutionary experience; he penned a theory on guerrilla war, emphasizing that no preconditions for revolution were necessary—with proper leadership and dedication, it could be engendered anywhere. And he helped establish the notorious International Department of the Cuban Communist Party to test his theory throughout Latin America. Other revolutionaries who followed Che’s theories would learn to their dismay how unworkable they were. Cuba’s Soviet handlers, who knew this, saw Che

as a foolhardy adventurer.

(Recently, it was reported that some Al Qaeda fighters were studying Che’s treatise on guerrilla warfare. The U.S. military should airdrop thousands of copies of that document over Iraq and Afghanistan. Assuming the insurgents adopt Che’s strategy, we should wipe them out in short order.)

Accounts of Che’s capture and execution vary, but most acknowledge that the 1967 expedition to Bolivia was poorly planned and led. Convinced of his own prowess, Che didn’t bother to learn what language the indigenous population spoke. He divided his force in the face of the enemy, and the two columns soon lost contact. The local communist party, Moscow-run, did nothing to help him. All the while, Che fought off incapacitating asthma attacks.

Winged during a firefight, Che gave himself up. Sympathetic versions often omit the first words he spoke to the Bolivian rangers: “I am the Che. I’m worth more to you alive than dead!” Fontova depends on the testimony of Felix Rodriguez, a CIA officer who helped lead the Bolivians to Che’s small force. According to this account, Che clearly believed he would be put on trial, which would give him an international platform. Despite Rodriguez’s pleading that killing Che would be a mistake, the Bolivian president ordered his execution. Thus, a martyr was made.

As they do with Gandhi or Lincoln, some people grant Che Guevara contemporary sensibilities that little resemble the real man. Unlike the other two, however, Che’s cult status may never gain official respectability. Commenting on a movie about the early Che, *The Motorcycle Diaries*, leftist author Paul Berman excoriated the man and his legend, declaring that he was a murderous thug whose real legacy is authoritarian Cuba. Che, Berman concludes, has nothing good to teach this generation. Still, he makes for a cool T-shirt.

Michael J. Ard is the author of *An Eternal Struggle: How the National Action Party Transformed Mexican Politics* (Praeger, 2003). He writes from Leesburg, Virginia.



Evangelical Theologian

Harold O.J. Brown fell asleep, as Our Lord puts it, on July 8, just two days after his 74th birthday. This magazine's religion editor since 1989, he was a contributor before that. The title of this column was inspired by his most significant book, among several significant books, *Heresies: The Image of Christ in the Mirror of Heresy and Orthodoxy From the Apostles to the Present*. He died of cancer, which had plagued him for years, receded for a time, then came roaring back in June.

Dr. Brown was a mentor to many. The word pops up repeatedly in articles mourning his passing and celebrating his life and accomplishments. Knowing that one occupies that place in the lives of others is likely to make a man prideful, even arrogant, but not Harold O.J. Brown. As calls, e-mails, and visitors poured in while he lay dying, he expressed disbelief that he could really mean so much to so many.

"Ahem, now that we're colleagues and friends, don't hesitate to call me Joe, Mr. Wolf," he said to me on the phone, after I had started working for *Chronicles*. I remember hearing students call him Joe when I met him, that August day when I was registering for classes at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School. I had approached his office cautiously, hoping to meet the great evangelical theologian. Rounding the corner, I heard loud laughter and saw a handful of students gathered around his doorway. There he stood, in an office jammed full of stacked papers and books, an ancient bicycle shoved against one wall. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Wolf. Care to join us on a mountain-climbing adventure?"

"Joe's an excellent mountain climber," a student told me later. "He's into fencing, coached crew at Harvard—rides his bike to class every day from the train." I couldn't find the time to go; now I wish I had.

I never heard him ask a student to call him Joe; that's what his friends called him. "It's difficult not to say Dr. Brown," I told him, "because you're my mentor." The next time he called *Chronicles*, he left me a voicemail, which began with a chuckle: "Ahem, this is Joe, Harold Ogden J., Dr. Brown, your former professor and current colleague and overall mentor." I think he still preferred Dr. Brown.

Dr. Brown knew that one of the hallmarks of our *Sensate Culture* (the title of his last book) is a crisis of authority. Besides Cicero, Augustine, Luther, Althusius, Pitirim Sorokin, and a host of others, he was fond of citing Hannah Arendt: "Power is the ability to force compliance with one's demands; authority is the ability to command voluntary obedience." In *The Sensate Culture*, Dr. Brown wrote,

The very idea of education presupposes that the educator or teacher knows or can do something that the learner does not know or cannot do; it also presupposes a willingness on the part of the learner to be instructed and to learn. These presuppositions are implicit in what we mean by the word *authority*.

We all had a lot to learn from him. Dr. Brown was awarded four degrees, including his Ph.D., from Harvard and pursued postdoctoral studies at Marburg and the University of Vienna. He was also a licensed minister in the Congregational Church as well as the Evangelical-Reformed Church in Switzerland. He taught at Trinity for 17 years, then was appointed the John R. Richardson Professor of Theology and Philosophy at Reformed Theological Seminary, a position he held until his death. He also served on the masthead of *Christianity Today* and edited the Howard Center's *Religion and Society Report*.

Dr. Brown possessed encyclopedic theological knowledge, but his love for pure doctrine came because he was, at heart, an evangelical (as well as self-consciously Reformed and catholic). "Heresy not merely undermines one's intellectual understanding of Christian doctrine," he wrote in *Heresies*, "but threatens to sink the ark, and thus to make salvation impossible for everyone, not merely for the individual heretic."

Theology, Dr. Brown insisted, "is, to a large extent, a reaction against heresy." The Church proclaims Her truth, based on revelation, and men "take it out of context" or perceive it to be "inadequate or unsatisfying." Thus, for him, heresy has a "positive side," for it stimulates careful theological discussion and formulation.



And that formulation, in turn, guards and preserves the "faith once delivered to the saints."

The greatest example of this was the Council of Chalcedon (451), which simply and clearly defined orthodox Christology (Our Lord possesses two Natures, human and divine, united in one Person "inconfusedly, unchangeably, indivisibly, inseparably") and excluded the heresies of Nestorianism (two distinct natures and persons) and monophysitism (one composite nature and person). Such quibbles! And yet, "Chalcedon inaugurated a millennium of comparative unity among Christians . . ." That stability, that theological unity, breathed life into the Middle Ages, whose culture was humane and anything but sensate.

Beginning with his first book, *The Protest of a Troubled Protestant*, Dr. Brown encouraged dialogue between Catholics and Protestants, not as a squishy ecumenist, but as a last-ditch effort to stave off the darkness that is enveloping Christendom, an attempt at stimulating the same debate that produces sound formulation and leads to true Christian unity—and civilization. He sided with the Reformation, in part, because he thought the late-medieval synthesis was disordered—an emphasis on the wrong tradition. (He also thought Luther's doctrine of the Real Presence amounted to monophysitism.)

But it was his love of sound doctrine that made him a respected colleague to so many Catholics and a guide to so many more troubled Protestants. That love overflowed in action, causing him to fight abortion tooth and nail by founding the Christian Action Council (Care Net) with Dr. C. Everett Koop. It also produced in him the humility, loyalty, and generosity that, combined with his knowledge, gave him the authority of a mentor.

Rest in peace, Herr Doktor.



Trusting Whitey

On June 30, 2002, the Rockford school-desegregation lawsuit came to an end. After 13 years of busing; the closing of numerous neighborhood schools, one of which is now a mosque and Islamic school; the construction of several massive (and massively overpriced) magnet schools, including a Spanish-language-immersion school and an environmental-science academy; white and middle-class flight from the district; declining test scores for all students, but especially minorities; decreasing security for students and for teachers; several years of illegal taxation; and almost a third of a billion dollars in taxes extracted from a city of 150,000 souls, the U.S. Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals determined that District 205 had fulfilled both the spirit and the letter of the lower federal court's integration order (no easy feat, since the court kept changing the target). Each school in the district came within one-tenth of one percent of meeting the court's racial quotas; astoundingly, each classroom came within a few percentage points as well, making District 205 perhaps the most racially integrated school district (simply on the basis of numbers) in the history of the United States.

And on June 28, 2007, by a five-to-four vote, the U.S. Supreme Court declared that most of what Rockford had endured had been unnecessary. In fact, it had violated the Constitution of the United States.

Of course, *Parents Involved in Community Schools v. Seattle School District No. 1 et al.* did not directly involve District 205 (though Justice Stephen Breyer cited the Rockford case in his dissent), but the issue at stake was the same: "discriminating among individual students based on race by relying upon racial classifications in making school assignments," as Chief Justice John Roberts wrote in his opinion for the majority, which included Justices Antonin Scalia, Clarence Thomas, Samuel Alito, and Anthony Kennedy (though Kennedy only concurred in part and in the judgment). The second district (the *et al.*) involved in the case, that of Jefferson County, Kentucky, had emerged from a desegregation order in 2000 and promptly did what Rockford would do two years

later: voluntarily adopt a race-based assignment plan. The Seattle case was even more perverse than the Rockford one, since the Seattle district "has never . . . been subject to court-ordered desegregation" but "voluntarily adopted student assignment plans that rely on race to determine which schools certain children may attend." Any such plan, the majority declared, needs to be "narrowly tailored," and both districts failed on that account.

Proponents of neighborhood schools and opponents of busing (overlapping but not identical groups) might think twice before rejoicing, however. While the decision in *Parents Involved* might well prevent most of what happened in Rockford from happening somewhere else (or from happening here in Rockford again, a few years down the line), none of the justices on either side questioned the idea that government has "a compelling interest in maintaining racially diverse schools." Justice Thomas, in his concurring opinion, came the closest to raising the question, declaring that, "as a general rule, all race-based government decisionmaking—regardless of context—is unconstitutional." But he was careful to make it clear that the "decisionmaking" in question involved the means used, not the goal itself. Even though Justice Thomas handily demolished the "tenuous relationship between forced racial mixing and improved educational results for black children" and declared that the Constitution is "color-blind," he continued to hold open the possibility that government might have a compelling interest in imposing racial diversity—in, say, areas where *de jure* segregation previously occurred.

And that brings us to the crux of the issue: What could that compelling interest possibly be? And if there is none, why does the majority on the Court continue to pretend that there might be one?

In a community where *de jure* segregation did occur, and, in the process, black children or other minorities were deprived of publicly funded educational opportunities that white children enjoyed, the solution is simple, and always has been: End the segregation, and provide



the same educational opportunities to all children. Ending segregation, however, is not the same as forcing integration. Here in Rockford, a true neighborhood-school system would mean that some schools would be 95-plus percent white, while others would be 90-plus percent black and Hispanic. Provided with similar facilities, materials, and, most importantly, teachers, students in each school would enjoy similar educational opportunities. Sitting next to a classmate with darker or lighter skin should have no real bearing on the quality of one's education.

Here in Rockford, opponents of the desegregation suit often argued that those who favored busing were implying that black and Hispanic children could not learn unless they were around white children. It was a rhetorically useful tactic, not because the pro-busing crowd really believed that, but because they could not come right out and say what they really believed: that the only way that whites can be trusted to provide equal educational opportunities to minorities is to ensure that white students get the same education as blacks and Hispanics. Only then, the thinking goes, will whites be concerned with the proper education of differently colored people.

So the government's compelling interest in imposing racial diversity in public schools comes down to this: You can't trust white people. Sadly, Justice Thomas, despite pulling back at the last moment, is the only one of the justices who even seems to understand why that might be wrong. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that he received his (by all accounts, exceptional) primary and secondary education in all-black schools at the hands of white nuns.

Imagine what he might have accomplished if only he had attended a racially diverse public school.

Letter From Oxford

by Jason Jewell

Left Implosion



A debate I attended at the Oxford Literary Festival highlighted growing tensions between classical Enlightenment thought and postmodernism—tensions that threaten to cause a fissure on the British left.

Hosted each year by the *Sunday Times*, the festival affords authors the opportunity to discuss and tout their recently published works. This year's lineup included Richard Dawkins, John Julius Norwich, P.D. James, Philip Pullman, Niall Ferguson, and David Starkey, along with a host of lesser-known writers. Not surprisingly, given the state of British culture, the presentations were of varying quality, with talks on, for example, Kingsley Amis and W.H. Auden competing with lectures bearing such titles as "Filthy Shakespeare" and "The Dirty Bits—For Girls."

The festival's final day featured a debate between Nick Cohen and Christopher Hitchens. Cohen, a columnist for the *Observer* and *New Statesman*, has been making waves among British liberals since his book *What's Left? How Liberals Lost Their Way* was published in February. Americans are more familiar with Hitchens, who now lives in the United States and is a frequent contributor to *Slate* and many other publications. Since defecting from orthodox Marxism (though not from the left) some years ago, he has enjoyed a rather bizarre popularity among neoconservatives in America, thanks, in large part, to his support for George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq.

The room rapidly filled with earnest leftists, eager to hear the comments of two eminent British journalists affiliated with their movement. An ardent feminist near me on the front row gushed that "this will be the best event of the whole festival." She seemed a bit offended when I told her that the only reason I was present was that my first choice of session at that time slot, a panel discussion on the Tudors, had sold out.

Despite the billing, the Cohen/Hitchens exchange was not really a debate. Cohen commented on the mixed reception of his book, the thesis of which is that the left has betrayed its historic identity by embracing the cultural relativism of Michel Foucault and other postmodernist writers. In so doing, it has come to support radical Islam and other movements that deny everything it claims to hold dear, such as egalitarianism and secularism. To support this contention, Cohen cited, among other things, the pandering of Ken Livingstone, London's communist mayor, to the city's Islamic groups; statements by prominent British journalists; and the Communist Party's granting of concessions to Muslims at its conferences (e.g., separate facilities, segregated by sex) that it would never afford to any other group. Cohen repeatedly called cultural relativism "racist," accusing its advocates of holding that "liberation is good for white women in Britain, but not for brown women in Afghanistan."

Hitchens spent his time discussing his new book on Thomas Jefferson, whom he has reinterpreted to be, along with Thomas Paine, the wellspring of all American progressivism. Like others before him, Hitchens cherry-picks quotations from Jefferson and other Founding Fathers to demonstrate that the American project has never had anything to do with religion. According to Hitchens, America is great because she embodies secular Enlightenment values and spreads them around the world to such places as Iraq, and we have Jefferson to thank for this. In this framework, Jefferson's action against the Barbary Pirates is the model for all subsequent American intervention overseas—the rational, secular West confronting the superstitious and oppressive bad guys who hate it and want to destroy it. George W. Bush is simply following in Jefferson's footsteps. (Hitchens' referencing the current Iraq conflict was his only point of contact with Cohen's remarks.)

Cohen and Hitchens seemed essentially in agreement that the left has taken a wrong turn, but not all of the audience members appreciated their consensus. In fact, the Q&A session became fairly heated at times, particularly when the speakers criticized the tens of thousands of Brits (some of whom were in the room at that very moment) who had participat-

ed in the protest marches against the Iraq invasion in early 2003. Cohen argued that the marches had been coordinated from Cairo in meetings at which representatives of Saddam Hussein's government were present, and that the demonstrators had carried signs bearing slogans that were simply translations of Ba'ath Party propaganda. Hitchens made the stunning claim that, before the war began, no prominent opponent of the invasion had argued that Iraq possessed no weapons of mass destruction; this assertion was greeted with many cries of "Rub-bish!" from the crowd. One humorous exchange involved an audience member's attempt to associate Hitchens with "far-right Christians" who supported the Iraq invasion. Hitchens replied in kind, saying that his accuser's bedfellows in opposing the war were such unmentionables as Pat Buchanan.

Eventually, the discussion turned to Iran. Here again, Cohen decried the numerous figures on the British left who have made public statements in defense of a "fascist" regime. In perhaps the session's most ludicrous moment, Hitchens attempted retrospectively to psychoanalyze Michel Foucault, who embraced Ayatollah Khomeini in the early 1980's despite the latter's vigorous persecution of Foucault's "co-sexualists." Neither discussant took a stand on a hypothetical invasion of Iran.

Although the majority of the people in attendance seemed to appreciate the positions articulated by Cohen and Hitchens, it was evident that many were very dissatisfied. Afterward, outside the lecture room and even in the streets surrounding Christ Church, I overheard heated discussions. The gist of these conversations was that the identity and future of the British left are at stake over the issues raised during the debate. Cohen had pointed out that, whereas the left had a more or less unified program in the 20th century (e.g., the nationalization of industry), the left of 2007 has little to hold it together save antipathy toward the U.S. government and the American "Religious Right." Now a split seems possible between, on the one hand, those who hold to egalitarianism as a universal ideal and, on the other, those who are willing to put up with the beliefs and practices of almost any group (such as Muslims) who

will help them tear down whatever is left of Western civilization.

A pox on both their houses. If the left in Britain does tear itself apart, however, it should be at least mildly amusing to watch.

Jason Jewell teaches humanities and history at Faulkner University in Montgomery, Alabama.

Letter From the Upper Midwest

by Sean Scallon

Diversity Through Sport



Because spectator sports play a dominant role in American culture, many have tried to use them to change our society. Such social engineering happens in America's inner cities, which would come as no surprise to most people. But it also happens in such unlikely places as the Arrowhead Region of northeastern Minnesota and, specifically, in the Mesabi Iron Range that lies within it.

Minnesota has an extensive junior-college system, and several schools are located within the Arrowhead Region, including Hibbing Community College in Hibbing; Lake Superior in Duluth; Itasca in Grand Rapids; Mesabi in Virginia; Vermillion in Ely; and Rainy River in International Falls. These schools have athletic programs (with the exception of Lake Superior Community College), which include football.

Hibbing's football program is over 80 years old. Yet these days, there appears to be a shortage of football players in the frozen tundra. Last season, a good many of the Hibbing Cardinals were African-American, recruited from high schools in Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina. Why did they leave their homes in the sunny South for the icy cold of Minnesota? These students will say that they just want to play football and will go wherever and to whomever will take them, even if they have never seen snow before or morning temperatures of 32 below. And Southern schools can afford to be choosy when it comes to finding players, as there is a surplus of football talent in the South. (One might see a

similarity here between football recruits and our urgent need for industrious illegal immigrants who do the jobs we are unwilling to do.)

Like all community colleges, Hibbing tries to draw in students closer to home. In the not-so-distant past, football players at Hibbing were locals. But economic downturns in the region's mining industry led to depopulation, which resulted in fewer students enrolling in the local junior colleges and even fewer signing up for football. With rosters to fill and dorms for student-athletes already in place, coaches in the Iron Range began looking South. Why not recruit players from across Minnesota—especially from the inner cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, where kids would have jumped at the chance to play college football? Well, for one thing, Southern schools, in general, have spring football. In Minnesota, many of the school districts don't have the funding for junior-high teams, and local Pop Warner leagues aren't as popular as hockey, wrestling, baseball, and even soccer. In the Gopher State, a kid who is good at football is not going to play at the junior-college level.

So, to get an edge on their opponents, Minnesota's junior-college coaches and athletic directors go out of state for players, which takes them South, where good African-American players are in abundance. Besides, who wouldn't guess that black athletes from the South would be better at football than Minnesota white boys, especially local jocks from the Mesabi Range? Coaches believe in the stereotype just like most everybody else. On Hibbing's 2006 squad, out of 63 players, 3 were Minnesotans; 22 were Floridians.

Of course, Iron Range recruiters don't exactly get the pick of the litter athletically, let alone academically. After all, if these student athletes were the best, they could afford to stay closer to home. Many of these transplanted players don't even remain after their first season. A combination of academic deficiency and homesickness sends many of them back South, saddled with student loans. "They're just using us," one Rainy River player admitted to a KSTP-TV (St. Paul) investigative reporter. The Hibbing Cardinals' 2006 squad finished with a 4-5 record. The team's cumulative GPA was 1.8. All but five of the players were freshmen.

In late October 2006, three Hibbing players and a former player were charged with the gang-rape of an 18-year-old female high-school senior. Two of the

HCC players were from Miami, and the third was from South Carolina. A string of similar incidents on the Range involving the local whites and African-American athletes goes back to the early 1990's. "It's a tension issue, and it has been for a lot of years," Bill Hanna, editor of the *Mesabi Daily News* said in an article about the incident written for the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*. "And then also, there is a certain racial component that's included." To allay local concerns about the potential for more violence, and because of poor academic performance, Hibbing administrators decided that the prudent thing to do was to shut the whole program down. This also prompted the governing board that runs Arrowhead's junior colleges to admonish football coaches to review their programs' academic and admission standards and to recruit more players from Minnesota and the Upper Midwest.

Not everyone was in favor of shutting down the program. At a community forum, one player put the question in stark terms. "I beg you, please don't take this away from us. Where I come from, either you sell drugs, or you do something academic-wise or athletics-wise to stay out of trouble. We might go home and do worse." Others could only come up with one word to justify retaining the football program: *diversity*. After all, supporters of the Hibbing football program had gloried in the diversity that their school's recruiting efforts had brought. (For some, having Poles, Italians, Serbs, Croats, Finns, Irish, Swedes, and Indians on the same roster isn't diverse enough; besides, all whites look alike nowadays.)

But what price diversity? Is it worth importing gang rape and general racial tension? Is diversity worth promoting poor academic performance and lowering academic standards? Is diversity worth taking kids far away from their homes and their families, leaving them with debt and broken promises of gridiron glory?

For Hibbing Community College, diversity proved too expensive.

Sean Scallon is a journalist and freelance writer living in Arkansaw, Wisconsin.

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Letter From Saudi Arabia

by Harry Nicolaides

The Year of Teaching Dangerously



Somewhere in the Arabian Desert, a Rolls Royce Silver Spirit rockets along the highway under a smuggler's moon. The driver is a Saville Row bespoke-suited expatriate. By day, he teaches English. By night, he transports illegal consignments of alcohol from Bahrain to Riyadh through sandstorms of biblical dimensions and past curious Bedouin tribesmen. Above, a small private jet *en route* from a camp in Iraq to a palace in Riyadh also travels toward the capital. It is laden with drugs and guns. The jet reaches its destination with cargo undisturbed and intact. The expatriate is found dead in his apartment a week later.

This story of the eccentric Englishman who was a teacher by day and smuggler by night is often told by expatriate teachers in Saudi Arabia as one of several cautionary tales about the dangers of living and working in the kingdom. William Sampson, a Canadian national who was wrongly imprisoned for two-and-a-half years and sentenced to death before being granted clemency over a car bombing resulting from an alleged alcohol-smuggling racket, is another such story. However, the most gruesome image is of the decapitated body of American expatriate Paul Johnson, discovered in a remote area of Riyadh a few days after he was kidnapped at a fake police checkpoint and beheaded on film.

Riyadh is honeycombed with black markets in pirated goods, arms and munitions, drugs and alcohol. There are more guns in neighboring Yemen than there are people. Most of these guns can be purchased openly at arms *souks* (markets) and are then smuggled across the border. Kalashnikov rifles, hand grenades, and rocket launchers are bought by Saudis for recreational use at their desert camps, where they chase African ostriches and hoon around on muscular quad bikes. Recently, when a student drove me home from a camp, I was not surprised to see a loaded revolver in the glove box of his luxury four-wheel drive; most students have their own firearms, as evidenced by the number of ammunition shells I find on the ground—even in the classroom.

Did you know that the attack of September 11, 2001, on the World Trade Center in New York City didn't really happen? Yes, this is the view of a number of students in my advanced English-communication class. They screened a documentary for me which purports to demonstrate that the official explanations of September 11 simply do not reflect the evidence of eyewitness accounts and film footage. The CIA, it was explained to me, had created an elaborate hoax as a pretext to start the "War on Terror." The Saudis are very insular, suspicious people. Anyone who is not a member of their large tribal groups is a suspect. The September 11 hoax is one of a catalogue of conspiracy theories the Saudis entertain involving their kingdom and the rest of the world.

On the other hand, students treasure their bootleg copies of *Borat* (banned in Saudi Arabia); they don't know that Sacha Baron Cohen is Jewish. The topics some students choose to give oral presentations about—Adolf Hitler, Viagra, Conjoined Twins, and the Bermuda Triangle—are prompting me to indulge in

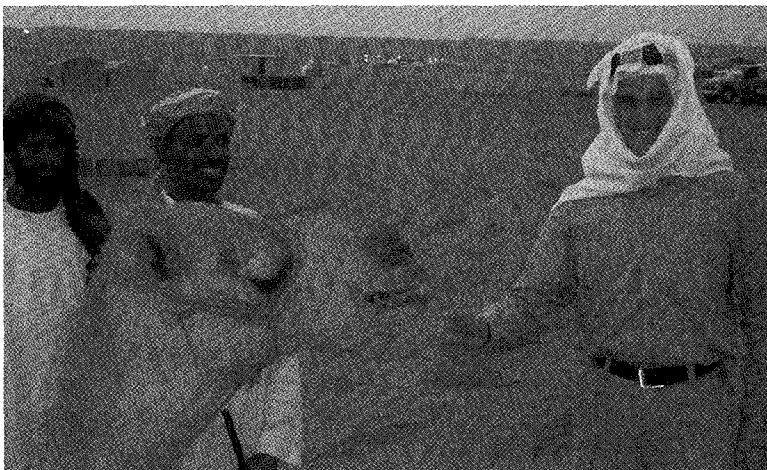
my own conspiracy theories about them. "Saudi Arabia needs more terrorists," blundered another student. (Read: tourists.)

Pornography is not an urban myth in the kingdom. It is beamed into every home wired up for satellite television—including mine. While women in the kingdom

are covered from head to toe in black abayas and images of women in conservative lifestyle magazines are blotted out by the censors' black markers, a galaxy of hard-core pornographic television programs is available on a subscription basis. There are also dozens of free channels that promote phone-sex services. Of course, pirated copies of Hollywood films featuring flesh scenes and themes are available under the counter at video stores throughout the kingdom. And, while the internet is officially filtered, my students are well aware of dozens of proxy websites that provide an anonymous, uncensored portal into everything on the web.

For those who know where to look, there are unlimited opportunities in the kingdom that allow you to take the step from illicit fantasy to reality. On a recent train journey to the east coast, my colleague and I encountered many truly hospitable and sociable Saudis. It wasn't until we were having our breakfast at Starbucks in the coastal town of Al Khobar that a Saudi gentleman offered us a ride along the Corniche in his four-wheel drive. He introduced himself as a doctor at a military hospital. We were a few kilometers down the road when, from the back seat, I noticed the Saudi man's hand massaging the inner thigh of my anxious, perspiring friend sitting in the front passenger seat. Later, when I tried to explain to the Saudi man that my colleague is heterosexual, he was surprised: "Is he fast-ing?" He then suggested we all go swimming at a place called Half Moon Bay in the Arabian Gulf—naked.

While many compound-dwelling Western expatriates have to build and maintain small distilleries in order to enjoy alcoholic drinks, I was invited to join the secret Single Malt Scotch Whisky Society of Riyadh. Every fortnight, a group of connoisseurs—foreign diplomats; British, American, and Australian expatriate lawyers and bankers; senior government officials; prominent businessmen; even some Saudi royals—meet in an apartment in a Western compound to consume dozens of bottles of the finest whisky in the world—some as old as 30 years and others of limited edition worldwide that are specially bottled for societies such as this. Under a cloud of curling wisps of Cuban-cigar smoke, interesting topics are raised for discussion—World Trade Organization standards, the Galileo satellite navigation system, the looming introduction of new national Saudi identification-



card technology—before business cards are exchanged, secrets are shared, and deals are made.

The erstwhile eccentric Englishman who taught English by day and smuggled alcohol across the desert in his Rolls Royce Silver Spirit by night ended up dead because of his racketeering—or did he? In Saudi Arabia, foreign nationals have been kidnapped at fake police checkpoints, and British-embassy staff have been investigated by Scotland Yard, while innocent men have languished in Saudi jails because Western powers didn't want to jeopardize multi-billion-dollar defense contracts with the Saudi power elite. In fact, in Saudi Arabia, life often imitates art. I sometimes suspect that Harry Lime is about to emerge from the shadows and then disappear into catcombs beneath the labyrinthine maze of the diplomatic quarter where I live.

There is no doubt that living in the kingdom is dangerous. There have been dozens of isolated, targeted killings of Western expatriates in recent years—not including the 2003 Riyadh compound bombings, which resulted in 35 fatalities and over 160 wounded, including Americans, Australians, and Britons, in a single coordinated attack on three residential compounds.

Of the isolated murders, some were killed waiting in supermarket car parks, using ATMs, shopping, sitting in their cars at traffic lights, driving to work and opening mail. While there were incidents in the late 90's, the current campaign of targeted assassinations of Western expatriates began in the year 2000 and continues to this day.

Despite these events, thousands of Western expatriates continue to live and work in the kingdom as engineers, lawyers, nurses—and English teachers.

To leave the kingdom, foreign nationals must obtain exit visas. The application process is laden with layers of bureaucratic officialdom. Many of the teachers at the college where I am working are desperate to leave by the time annual holidays roll around. They have endured stifling temperatures—which the government reportedly misrepresents to avoid declaring public holidays—and Western-lifestyle deprivations and restrictions.



The lucky few with *wasta*—the Saudi social currency of knowing people of influence—obtain their visas and leave early. The others—like the dispossessed European émigrés in *Casablanca*—wait and wait and wait . . .

Harry Nicolaides is an Australian writer currently teaching English at a college in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. He lives in one of the most heavily fortified zones designed to accommodate foreign nationals and missions—the Riyadh Diplomatic Quarter.

The Morality of Everyday Life: Rediscovering an Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition

by Thomas Fleming

What passes for conservatism today is really nothing more than the impossible moral and social theories of the Renaissance and Enlightenment, in which universal abstractions, such as democracy and equality, are presented as hard truths, when, in fact, they have never existed in any society in human history. Nonetheless, they are to be applied worldwide, at the tip of a spear (or cruise missile) if necessary.

Dr. Fleming's alternative is rooted in "everyday life," the local realities of blood and soil, custom and tradition, friendship and faith, and in the wisdom born of the experiences these realities beget. This wisdom finds expression in folktales and fables, in ancient Hebrew Scriptures and Greek philosophy, and in medieval casuistry. It is the method to solving ethical problems great and small, and it is the method that undergirds authentic conservatism.

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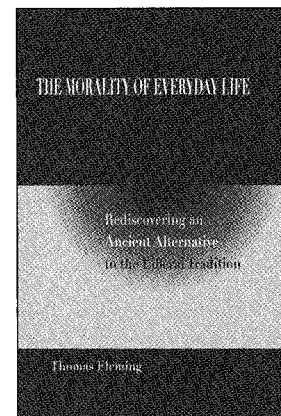
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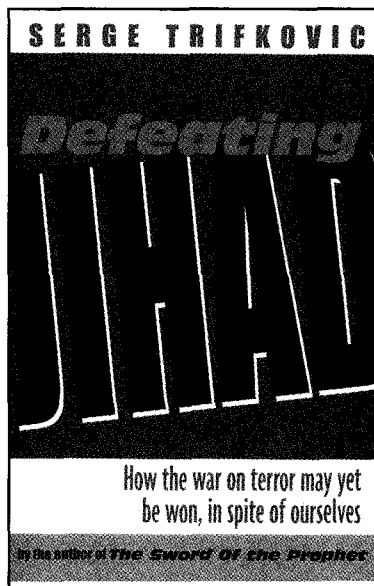
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Promises, Promises

The world of pulp and prevarication, whose deluged plateau the young woman I was in love with had fled, called to mind a private letter of Pasternak's written in the 1920's. There the poet described the icy slush of totalitarianism, emulsifying every existing object out of recognition, as the epochal substratum in which his kind had been sinking in Russia. To Orwell, making a similar point a decade later in the formally free West, the salient characteristic of the era was deoxygenation, with much the same outcome—that is, atrophy of the real. Whether of torture chambers or soda fountains, of military tribunals or aspirin factories, of killer famines or air-conditioning plants, it was a world the two writers might feel they had in common, a sodden epoch where everything had been turned to pap, sterilized and suspended in a uniform solution.

My own experience supplied many additional parallels. Thus the attitude to money, on the part of the young woman's family and the society to which they belonged, was indistinguishable from the attitude to communism in Russia under Stalin, in that it was utterly untinged by hypocrisy. In the Russian variant, the double-think only came once Stalin had died and the fear of him was gone; for nearly two decades previously, people had loved communism, parachute towers, Soviet icebergs, pilots, Young Pioneers, ferroconcrete, and, of course, Big Brother himself, as genuinely as Winston comes to love him on the last page of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. "Our kids love Stalin first, and their Dad second," Pasternak's own wife, Zina, liked to say, and in retrospect there is no reason to believe that she had not meant it.

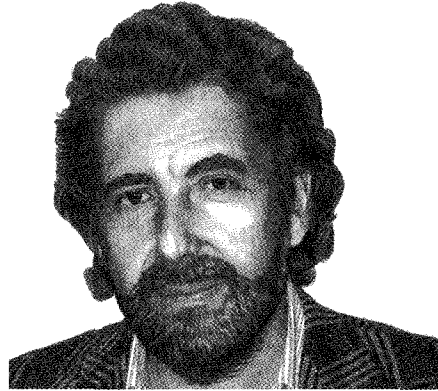
It was only after the god had been buried that people began to dissemble. "They can't even make stick-pins!" muttered Khrushchev when an Order of the Hero he was pinning on some hero's breast had come loose, forgetting, in a moment of irresolute melancholy, that it was *he* who was *they*. In the American variant, no such *eclaircissement* came or was ever possible, because there the omnipotent god was also immortal; for money cannot be poisoned, nor die of a cerebral hemorrhage, nor get dethroned by a Beria or a Nietzsche. Thus her family loved mon-

ey and everything it entailed as blindly as the Russians under Stalin loved him and his communism, with everything that entailed: deeply, tenderly, wholeheartedly, without doubt or hesitation, with not a single cynical thought in mind, till death do us part.

Every specious love brings in its train a species of knowledge uniquely its own, and there the two variants might be expected to have diverged. Not so, however. In one case, something like a billion people, born on what was or would become the territory of the Soviet empire, had it bashed into their noggins, for instance, that the father of the founder of the secret police was called Edmund. In the other, something like a billion people educated in the West learned the phrase *black holes*, understanding only that it had something to do with the heavens. You could wake one of them in the middle of the night, shine a bright light in his face, and demand menacingly: "Dzerzhinsky's dad was named what?" or "Up in the sky, what holes?" He might not know a single verse of the Upanishads, or remember his own wife's birthday, or say with confidence that emerald is a variety of beryl; but this kind of thing the sniveling little bastard would always get in one.

The similarities were as endless as they were compelling. Yet there was a vital difference between the slushy deluge I had left behind in my teenage years and the one she had fled in hers. The Soviet variant had been designed on the razor-wire lines of the Roman Empire, within whose confines "to resist was fatal," as Gibbon puts it, "and it was impossible to fly." The American variant, by contrast, put no penalty whatever on escaping from its realm of genetically modified vine and polyunsaturated olive; her childhood was an imitation paradise one could leave behind without let or hindrance. There at last, or so it seemed for the briefest of instants, nature had burst through the totalitarian slush, for every childhood is meant to be a paradise that one is free to leave behind.

So in the end it was clear that both fugitives had come from rather topsy-turvy Edens, where, if anything, maturity was the gateway—the famous one, guarded by the pair of angels with flaming swords—to in-



fancy. Psychologists like to portray the ages of man and, by extension, civilization, as a process during which man is progressively distanced from nature, whereby first the umbilical link to the womb is severed, then the mouth is detached from the breast, then manufactured clothes are worn, and finally a shiny new tricycle appears under the Christmas tree to announce advanced biological independence and increased social mobility. This process, or progression, is supposedly irreversible, so long as the angels of taboo continue to guard the gate, barring man's return, or regression, to the womb of nature.

But our childhoods had been denatured, with the paradoxical result that, for both of us, escaping Eden meant above all else escaping the ersatz realities and the unredeemable promises of adulthood; the realities and promises of Soviet totalitarianism in my case, those of American futurism in hers. For the truth is that when a child is born, he is unable to appreciate the happiness supposedly in store for him; with the passing of time, he is constrained to accept on faith its eventual fulfilment, at some indeterminate future conjunction, in what might be called an infantile form of the social contract; yet when adulthood comes, with its clothes, its tricycle, its Model T Ford or its Lafite-Rothschild 1975, happiness remains in the faraway promised land of social or political prevarication.

It never will come, he realizes at some point. He is living in a fool's paradise. He would have been better off to have stayed at one with nature, in Arcady's groves of laurel and myrtle, in the fecund venter of liberty. That is how dissidents are made, and revolutionaries, and neurotic misfits whom their contemporaries never tire of admonishing: "Grow up, man! You're living in the real world! What's the use acting like a kid?"



The President's Painted Corner

A prudent power will always seek to keep open as many options as possible in its foreign-policy making. An increasingly rigid system of alliances, coupled with mobilization blueprints and railway timetables, reduced the European powers' scope for maneuver in the summer of 1914 and contributed to the ensuing catastrophe. The United States, by contrast, entered the war in 1917 because Woodrow Wilson wanted to do so (rightly or wrongly), not because he had to do so.

A mature power will never allow its promises to foreigners to entail risks of conflict that exceed the benefits of discretion. Bismarck would have been appalled at the manner in which his inept successors had committed Wilhelmine Germany to upholding and defending the moribund Habsburg Empire, come what may. The end result was the death of both; but, without that *carte blanche* from Berlin, Austria could have behaved more responsibly in July 1914, possibly saving Europe from self-destruction.

Asensible power will not allow its weaker overseas protégés to call the shots. Algérie Française was not a colony but an integral part of metropolitan France inhabited by millions of non-Arab French citizens who believed that they were owed open-ended protection. De Gaulle told the *piets-noirs* that he "understood" them; then, he promptly cut Algeria off when he decided that the cost of keeping her exceeded any possible benefits. This painful act enabled the Fifth Republic to embark on an economic and political recovery that halted half a century of decline.

A rational power will not create new hotbeds of instability while the old ones remain unresolved. Mussolini's unprovoked attack on Greece in October 1940, while his forces in North Africa were at grave risk from the British, was a madness repeated on a grand scale in June 1941, when Hitler unleashed the Barbarossa even though England remained undefeated.

And finally, a responsible power will avoid foreign entanglements that violate its moral and cultural norms. The Crimean War was a crime; the Eastern Question, its punishment. Supporting jihadists against Christians in Bosnia in

the 1990's has yielded scores of Bosnian-trained or -connected *jihad*-terrorists.

Washington's Kosovo policy violates all five principles.

It is not prudent for the United States to insist that Kosovo should and will become independent—as President George W. Bush did in Tirana last June, followed by similar sermons from Dr. Rice and her aides on an almost daily basis—even as it is obvious that Russia will veto any attempt to achieve that goal through the U.N. Security Council, and even as the European Union is increasingly reluctant to participate in any scheme to bypass the United Nations. Statements by U.S. officials that Kosovo's independence is "inevitable" are a classic case of irresponsible policymakers painting themselves into a corner on a peripheral issue, and then claiming that the issue had morphed into a test of American resolve.

A mature, self-confident and globally hegemonic "hyperpower" would never allow Kosovo to become such a test for three reasons.

Quite apart from its historic, cultural, moral, and legal aspects, the issue of who controls the southern Serbian province is perfectly irrelevant to American interests. It is a small, land-locked piece of real estate, of dubious "objective" value, away from all major Balkan transit corridors, and not nearly as rich in natural resources as both Serbs and Albanians like to imagine. If Kosovo were to disappear tomorrow, no ordinary American would be able to tell the difference.

The change of Kosovo's status against the will of Belgrade, in addition to being a clear violation of international law, would set a precedent potentially detrimental to U.S. interests. To enable an ethnic minority to secede from an internationally recognized state on the grounds of that minority's numerical preponderance in a given locale would open a Pandora's box of claims all over the world, not least among Russian speakers in the Crimea, parts of Estonia and Latvia, northern Kazakhstan, and eastern Ukraine. It could also affect the future of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and perhaps even California, when Mexicans achieve a simple majority in those states. (The question is indeed



"when," not "if.") State Department officials Nicholas Burns and Daniel Fried still insist that no precedent would be set by creating an independent Kosovo, but they cannot control reality, and their assurances are nonsensical.

The Muslim world will not be appeased by Kosovo today any more than it was appeased by Bosnia a decade ago. America will not earn any brownie points among the world's "Jihadists of all color and hue" (to borrow a phrase from Rep. Tom Lantos) for creating a new Muslim state in the heart of Europe. Albanian "gratitude" would prove as valuable to America today as it has, over the years, to Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, and Communist China. On the other hand, the failure to create an independent, internationally recognized Kosovo would be yet another sign that Emperor Bush has no clothes and that America has no sureness of touch. Furthermore, favoring the imposition of a "solution" from the outside against the will of one of the parties could set a dangerous long-term precedent for Israel.

Our policy is not sensible. It panders to the aspirations of a small and primitive, yet shrewdly opportunistic, polity with territorial pretensions against all of her neighbors. President George W. Bush declared in Tirana last June that America is committed to Kosovo's independence, and he was greeted almost as enthusiastically as Benito Mussolini, Nikita Khrushchev, and Chou En-Lai had been greeted by the Albanians over the decades. As Nicholas Stavrou noted in the *National Herald*, Mr. Bush reflects the Albanians' talent for choosing patrons who fulfill three criteria: They must be big enough, far enough, and willing to offend the interests of Albania's neighbors:

President Bush's venture into the

Balkan tinderbox is nothing short of a blatant provocation aimed at two nations that stood side by side with the United States in two wars, Serbia and Greece. It is part and parcel of a neo-conservative agenda, formulated by the same gang that produced the Iraq war . . . and threatens to engulf the Middle East into a regional conflagration. The ultimate goal, of course, is the conversion of Russia into a first class enemy. The new Cold War warriors view the Balkans as a "logical extension of the Middle East" that ought to be part of a new arrangement that would facilitate integration of Islamic and non-Islamic cultures. Russia, in their view, cannot be trusted with any role in their nefarious schemes to "modernize" Islam and redefine the Middle East as a "region that starts in the Persian Gulf and ends in Sarajevo."

It is plainly irrational to insist on Kosovo's independence, with all the risks such a policy entails, while the United States faces so much other "unfinished business" around the globe. The list is well known and depressing. Iraq is a disaster, and there is no light at the end of the tunnel. Afghanistan is a lesser calamity only when compared with Iraq. Any solution to the challenge presented by Iran will depend on Washington's ability to have Russia on its side as a partner, which is impossible if Moscow's concerns over Kosovo are treated as illegitimate. Russia is also an essential partner in helping control Kim Jong Il and devising a sustainable long-term energy policy for the Western world.

Far from being deterred by Washington's apparent commitment to Kosovo's independence, Russian President Vladimir Putin sees it as a golden opportunity to embarrass Mr. Bush and show the world that Russia can no longer be treated with the disdainful arrogance she endured under Boris Yeltsin. With the Bush administration's options diminishing, Putin's are increasing.

On the diplomatic front, Russia can and will veto any resolution presented to the Security Council that is based on Ahtisaari's moribund plan and that assumes independence as the final outcome. Resolution 1244 cannot be legally bypassed, and it is unequivocal concerning Serbia's sovereignty. If the Europe-

an Union (under American pressure) tries to bypass the United Nations, however, Putin can retaliate by playing his energy card. According to Russian and global-affairs analyst George Friedman of Stratfor,

The Russians would cut supplies if provoked. Kosovo really is that big of an issue to them. If they gave in on this, all of Putin's efforts to re-establish Russia as a great power would be undermined. Putin wants to remind Germany in particular—but also other former Soviet satellites—that thwarting Russia carries a price. If the European Union were to unilaterally [*sic*] act against Russian wishes, Putin would have to choose between appearing as if he is all talk and no action, and acting. Putin would choose the latter.

According to the same source, Putin also has a military option. Contrary to popular belief, the Russian military retains an excellent core, particularly in its airborne regiments. Moscow could fly a regiment of troops to Belgrade, use Serbian trucks to move to the administrative line dividing Kosovo from the rest of Serbia, and threaten to move into Kosovo to take their place in KFOR:

To do this, they would have to fly through Romanian or Hungarian airspace. They might be denied over-flight privileges, but the Russians might not ask permission and [the Rumanians and Hungarians] have no appetite for that kind of confrontation. Assume, then, that the troops reached the Kosovo border and crossed over. Would KFOR troops open fire on them?

Of course not. Western Europe is heavily dependent on Russian natural gas, and it cannot afford to follow Washington into an open-ended confrontation over a peripheral issue. Signals from Moscow indicate that challenging Kosovo's independence militarily would prompt Russia to call NATO defense capabilities into question, which could leave the Europe-

ans even more fractured. "Do not assume that the Russians would not dare try such a move," the Russian source insists:

The Russians are itching for an opportunity to confront the West—and win. In the case of Kosovo, should they choose to make an issue of it, they have the diplomatic, economic and military options to force the West to back down. Condoleezza Rice has said that Kosovo will never be returned to Serbian rule. Putin would love to demonstrate that it doesn't matter what the U.S. secretary of state wants.

In short, Kosovo is an asymmetric issue. Mr. Bush cares about it only as it relates to U.S. "credibility." The second greatest blunder of his presidency may result from his willingness to accept the assurances of inherited Clintonite bureaucrats of Mr. Burns' ilk, who have insisted that the Serbs will cave in and that the Russians will budge.

If push comes to shove, Mr. Bush will face Moscow all alone. There is a great deal of dissent in Europe, from Madrid to Athens to Bucharest and Bratislava, but not even those Europeans who are nominally pro-independence—notably, the Germans—would sacrifice a single day's supply of natural gas over Albanian claims. By contrast, this is, for Serbia, an existential issue and, for Russia, a litmus test of her ability to be a great power once again.

The most important reason the United States should not support Kosovo's independence is and always has been cultural and civilizational; but trying to explain that to the chief executive who is fanatically supportive of a blanket amnesty for tens of millions of illegal aliens in the United States is as futile as trying to reform Islam.

George W. Bush has painted himself into a tight corner in the Balkans, and he will get a bloody nose if he does not relent. That is bad news for the church-burning Albanian Muslims of Kosovo, and bad news for their heroin-financed lobby in Washington, but it is very good news for America and the civilized world. ◊

News & Views by Srdja Trifkovic

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THE COURTS

The Coming Slap
in the Face

by Kenneth Zaretzke

In June 2005, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Kelo v. City of New London*, depriving property owners of rights that virtually everyone has always assumed they had. Very soon—before you can say “sequel to *Lawrence v. Texas*”—the Supreme Court will no doubt take up the issue of same-sex marriage. You think a majority of justices of the current Supreme Court won’t rule in favor of same-sex marriage—overthrowing a few dozen centuries of nearly universal social practice and moral understanding? Don’t bet the ranch.

Vis-à-vis the Supreme Court, an ordinary citizen today is like a man in a Honda Civic who has just been hit in front by a slow-moving Ford Explorer. Still strapped in to the driver’s seat and stretching his neck, he is relieved to find that the whiplash was negligible, too slight to have hurt him, when, suddenly, he is rammed from behind by a Hummer doing 50 miles per hour.

Like distinguishing degrees of physical injury, we hapless subjects of the new era of judicial supremacy need to distinguish unfortunate but bearable or tolerable constitutional decisions from intolerable ones (bearing in mind that *tolerable* does not mean *acceptable*). Constitutionally speaking, it makes sense to see *Kelo* as a very unfortunate but not disastrous decision, while regarding *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* (1992) as a disaster. Indeed, *Casey* (which reaffirmed *Roe v. Wade*) is likely to be the necessary precursor of any future pro-same-sex marriage decision.

Kelo is bad in the same way that *Lochner v. New York* was bad: It bulldozes past reality. In *Lochner*, the ignored reality was the almost total imbalance of power between employees and their employers. Employees were at risk of becoming capitalist serfs. In *Kelo*, the ignored reality is that residential property is so important to individuals that it should not be taken

away from them by the government, even with “compensation,” except for important governmental purposes. Exactly one century stands between *Kelo* and *Lochner*, but the same bluff capitalism animates both of them.

Such constitutional folly pales in comparison with the constitutional recklessness of *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*. Certainly, any decision that pointedly describes the people who agree with it as “the thoughtful part of the [n]ation,” as *Casey* does, will not exactly allay suspicions that the Court has a secret contempt for ordinary citizens.

The plurality opinion in *Casey*—written by Justices Souter, Kennedy, and O’Connor—gives a few nods to the existence of reasonable disagreement among citizens, but, for the most part, *Casey* runs roughshod over the reality of moral disagreement. The opinion deals with moral disagreement as if it were disconnected from constitutional decisionmaking. We are aware, says the Court, that impassioned feelings are held by many people who oppose abortion as a grave moral wrong, but our duty is to proclaim the liberty of all, not the morality of a few. That oh-so-convenient dodge ignores the fact that what constitutes liberty depends on our view of morality. Suppose that someone claims a liberty to have sex with animals on the good Millian grounds that the only “harm” done is an attenuated and general moral harm to a community that does not want to condone bestiality—presumably just because it regards man-on-animal sex as degrading and revolting. For a Supreme Court that says, as it does in *Casey*, that its sole duty is to define the bounds of liberty, exclusive of contestable moral beliefs, there can be no principled objection to the constitutional protection of bestiality.

After adopting the premise that liberty is somehow independent of morality, *Casey* goes on to weave an entire fabric of constitutional law around that misbegotten idea. The new norm is the incredible idea that the Court must actively resist, rather than seriously consider, points of view that are strongly opposed to its decisions, at least when those points of view are not in wide circulation among the elite. This means embracing radical feminism while downgrading the once respectable idea that an unborn child ought

not to be killed. It means adopting *Casey*’s view that moral considerations are less important than social stability or legal precedent, as if those two things can be measured or defined apart from morality.

As the moral arguments of the pro-life side are eminently reasonable, *Casey*’s (and *Roe*’s) defenders can only argue, as a last resort, that “forced” pregnancy violates the 13th Amendment’s prohibition on involuntary servitude. This is the claim of Yale Law Prof. Jed Rubenfeld in his recent book *Revolution by Judiciary*. Never mind that the fetus or embryo is wholly innocent of any wrongdoing. No, he must be presumed—constitutionally presumed—to be guilty of imposing servitude on the woman and hence deserving, in effect, of being executed. Professor Rubenfeld’s interpretation of the 13th Amendment would avoid the cruel irony of the fetus’s being killed not only without due process of law but in the very name of (so-called substantive) due process. Nevertheless, it strains credulity to suggest, as Professor Rubenfeld does, that the “involuntary servitude” of pregnancy is a matter of straightforward constitutional meaning.

Regardless, *Casey* and *Roe* are worse than *Lochner* and *Kelo* because they involve quintessentially moral issues. And *Casey*, even more than *Roe*, cheapens the currency of morality by pretending, first, that liberty can be defined apart from morality, and, second, that pragmatic concerns are more important than moral ones, especially when the moral issues are “contestable.” (Pragmatic issues aren’t contestable? Are we really sure we know what social stability requires or what weight a given precedent objectively carries?)

And yet, *Casey* may not long remain the worst Supreme Court ruling of our lifetime. That honor may soon belong to a Supreme Court decision legitimizing same-sex marriage.

It is an insult to citizens for the courts even to be deciding the issue of same-sex marriage. It’s not just that marriage is a vital social institution whose definition and scope should be left to the people. Nor is it simply that traditional marriage—the union of male and female—has been the exclusive practice for two millennia. Above and beyond such considerations is a practical reality: The institution of marriage presupposes the fact of procreation,

and only heterosexual couples have an ideal capacity to procreate.

"Presupposes" should not be confused with "implies." Marriage does not *imply* procreation. If it did, we would have to regard the marriages of sterile heterosexual couples as not being good marriages. And we would also have to concede the validity of the argument, by supporters of same-sex marriage, that, if sterile heterosexual couples can get married, homosexual couples should be able to, as well. What counts is the ideal capacity to procreate.

Civil marriage for homosexual couples is a serious mistake on these grounds alone. What is really outrageous, however, is that judges are making the state and federal constitutions into accomplices in the social construction of this conceptual absurdity. It is hard to see how judges could be more contemptuous of citizens.

Since the 1970's, the ideal of self-respecting citizenship has been run almost entirely into the ground by the courts. Many citizens are still maddeningly clueless about what is happening to them. The prospect of judicially mandated same-sex marriage could change all that.

Kenneth Zaretzke writes from Seattle.

CONSERVATISM

Whispers From Kirk

by Gerald J. Russello

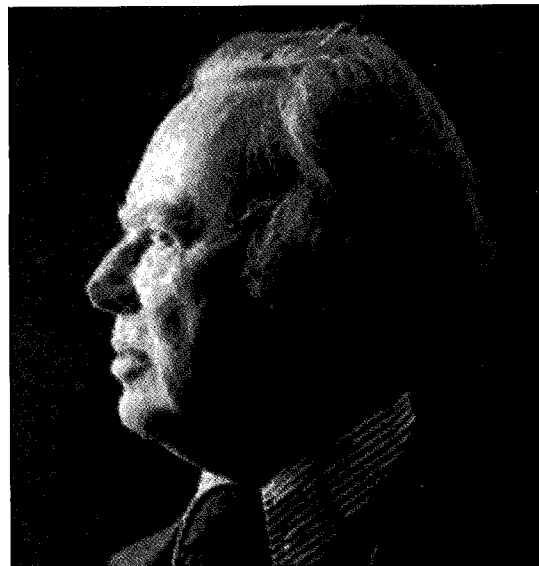
Stan Evans has described bodies of thought as having "lifecycles"; they emerge, thrive for a while, and, unless continually nourished, eventually hollow out and pass away. Having reached the end of its lifecycle, liberalism, as a coherent body of thought, is dead. There are still liberals, of course. But the tradition derived variously from John Locke, John Stuart Mill, and Montesquieu, which was transmuted in the 1950's by the Cold War and transmogrified beyond recognition by the social revolutions of the 60's and 70's and the influence of Michel Foucault and company, has not been able to sustain itself. The ethos of revolution, which was tied, in varying degrees, to Enlightenment rationalism, utilitarianism, individualism, anti-Christianity, and socialism, has proved itself to be an insufficient basis for a full and humane social order. Liberalism's culture of individual rights has become increas-

ingly unworkable and has made politics impossible. Moreover, liberalism has metastasized into a corrosive popular culture that even many liberals oppose. Finally, as a direct rebuke to liberal visions of a gradually secularizing world, nonliberal and traditional religious movements are now stronger than they have been in perhaps a century.

What does this mean for conservatives? For one thing, it means that what Adrian Woolridge has called the "Coulterization" of conservatism is a dead end. "Movement" conservatism's shrill condemnation of the "liberal" bogeyman is falling on deaf ears, as it is becoming increasingly detached from social and political reality. On issues ranging from foreign policy to the environment, the political landscape is shifting, but mainstream conservatives are not paying attention. The growing opposition to the Iraq war is the most recent, and the most significant, case in point: Many mainstream conservatives seemed to favor any Republican so long as he supported the war, while long-time conservatives were blacklisted, or worse, for opposing it. This tunnel vision justifies critics who say that conservatism has no real substance to it and is, at most, a reaction to the dominant liberalism.

Russell Kirk is often thought of as the great antagonist of liberalism. His *Conservative Mind* (1953), after all, provided an explicit contrast with the liberal one, which was, at the time, so dominant that critics such as Lionel Trilling could think of no alternative to it. Some may think Kirk would have little to offer regarding the challenges conservatism faces in this century. After all, he died in 1994, which, in our post-September 11 world, seems like a long time ago. Before his death, many had already written him off, for, among other things, his opposition to the Gulf War. Even Kirk's admirers sometimes forget that, even in the 1950's, Kirk was looking beyond the end of liberalism. Because of its inherent faults, liberalism soon was emptied of content and "ceased to signify anything, even among its most sincere partisans, [other] than a vague good will." In "The Dissolution of Liberalism" (1955), Kirk was already writing its obituary:

The liberal system attained popularity because it promised progress without the onerous duties exacted by tradition and religion. It is now in the process of dissolution because, founded upon an imperfect



Aaron D. Wolf

and distorted myth, it has been unable to fulfill its promise, and because it no longer appeals in any degree to the higher imagination. It has been undone by social disillusion.

What would come next? Would there be a totalitarian takeover of some sort? After all, the communists were, at the time, working to infiltrate American society. No, said Kirk, it is far more likely that a "Machiavellian scheme founded upon self-interest and creature comforts" would take hold on American culture. The excesses of the counterculture of the following two decades, and the baby boomers' materialist narcissism masquerading as social concern that characterized the 80's and 90's, were, for Kirk, expected results of liberalism's disintegration.

The challenge for conservatives is to create a substantive program within their own tradition without having to feed off the carcass of liberalism. Part of that challenge involves re-imagining that tradition, as Kirk did in his day and as writers such as Bill Kauffman have done more recently, by calling on lesser-known figures and movements in American history that give the lie to the ossified divisions of contemporary politics.

In 1954, Russell Kirk published *A Program for Conservatives*, which was reissued in 1989 as *Prospects for Conservatives*. It is the closest Kirk ever came in writing to discussing actual policies that suited his romantic, imaginative conservatism, though, in the book, he explicitly disclaims any sort of political program. Rather, he sets forth a framework for conservatives for analyzing political issues.

In *Prospects*, Kirk devotes an entire

chapter to the question of power; it is worth rereading, because conservatives seem to have forgotten its central lesson: Power must be contained. These days, conservatives often seem to want to acquire and hold onto power without knowing why. This is an unfortunate consequence of the successes of the Reagan years and the Gingrich Revolution of 1994. What Kirk reminds us is that conservatives should seek power only as a means to accomplish something particular and should never mistake it as an end in itself.

Kirk also addressed two facets of the challenge of power. On the national level, he found the constitutional scheme of ordered liberty and federalism to be the "chief attainment of American political philosophy." On the international level, he was a staunch opponent of exporting ideology in the name of democracy. Kirk was no anarchist, of course. He believed that there is a place for the proper exercise of government power, exercised primarily through states and localities and constrained by tradition and custom. Thus, he parted ways with the libertarians, whose obsessive focus on freedom detached from tradition is the flip side of liberalism. Invoking the example of Lincoln, for whom he maintained a decent

respect throughout his career, he chose the "middle path" between absolute sovereignty and absolute liberty.

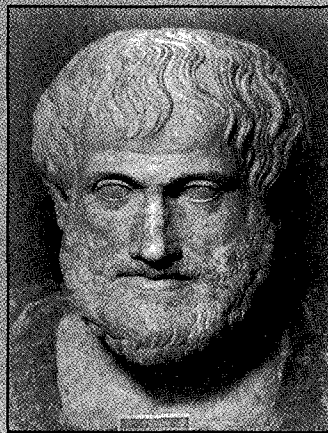
Kirk thought the decay of federalism and the institutions of self-government in America would increase the temptation to use government power for seemingly good causes. In *Prospects*, he uses the example of a federal school-lunch program. Who could be against providing lunches for schoolchildren? Kirk's whimsical example reminds us that we can always come up with a reason to use power. The temptation to look to the central government for the solution to our problems—even national problems—must be resisted. Conservatives "must stand firm against centralization, legislation that offers to substitute a passing 'security' for prescriptive liberty, and the conversion of republican government into plebiscitary democracy."

On the use of American power abroad, Kirk was just as clear: "A 'preventive' war, whether or not it might be successful in the field . . . would be morally ruinous to us." Although written as part of a critical reflection on the decision to destroy Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Kirk's arguments ring true, perhaps even more so, today. In the 1989 edition of his book,

Kirk takes his critique of U.S. foreign policy a step further. He criticizes the "pragmatists" who see conservatism as a means of "placating or serving certain powerful interests—and so warding off radical interests." Such an approach can only be self-defeating and self-destructive, as the Iraq debacle demonstrates.

In the 1989 edition of *Prospects*, Kirk could confidently declare that American policies had not been much improved after almost a decade of Republican rule. Yet he refused to give up hope that the various conservative factions might join together for political purposes. More generally, given his Christian convictions about sin and redemption, he did not despair, even though the causes for which he fought seemed no closer to victory than when he started. This cautiously optimistic view avoids the disillusionment of liberal and conservative utopians, which inevitably sets in when reality does not line up with their plans.

Gerald J. Russello is the editor of the University Bookman and the author of The Postmodern Imagination of Russell Kirk. This article is drawn from a speech presented to the Philadelphia Society in April 2007.



The Greek Conservative Mind

*The Greeks invented political philosophy . . .
but not out of thin air*

The ancient Greeks liberated themselves from the shackles of religion and tradition to pursue a dream of democracy, equality, and human rights. Right?

Wrong. We do well to remember the Greeks as they really were: their aristocratic pursuit of virtue, their general disdain for democracy, and their strong attachments to family and religion.

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I Love My Mother

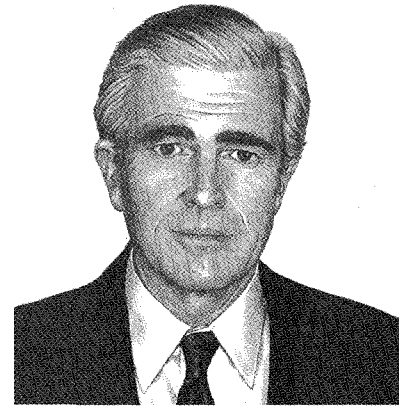
Michael Moore calls his films documentaries, but they're really sockumentaries. He is cinema's heavyweight master of the sucker punch. Behind his slovenly, shambling flabbiness, he packs a vicious left hook. That's politically left, of course. Now, some suckers deserve to be pounded by sneaky lefts. That's the case in Moore's latest match, *Sicko*. Fighting on behalf of socialized medicine, Moore wallops America's haphazard, systemless healthcare, bloodying his hapless free-market foe again and again. It's a mismatch: His careless opponent hasn't bothered to develop his skills and clearly needs a lesson in ringmanship. So you cheer for Moore until the late rounds, when he begins to showboat unforgivably.

Moore's performance—and there's no other word for it—is a nearly two-hour series of deft feints. Wearing his baseball cap, nondescript windbreaker, and filthy jeans, he plays the working-class stiff who has somehow got hold of a mike, a camera crew, and the money to travel from Michigan around the world. As he globe-trots, he keeps bumping into people who open his eyes to the horrors and wonders of healthcare. Not surprisingly, the horrors are all in America; the wonders, all in London, Paris, and, most especially, Havana.

In America, he treats us to the spectacle of folks—almost all of them middle-class—who have been financially and physically ruined by America's patchwork healthcare system. There's the uninsured carpenter who sliced off two of his fingertips. The price for reattachment? The middle finger, \$60,000; the ring, \$12,000. He opts for the cheaper and more romantic tip. The other, Moore tells us, landed in a nearby landfill, which we glimpse as his camera cuts to a couple of rats scavenging along the edges of a mountain of garbage. (They don't find the fingertip, fortunately.) Then we meet an aging couple forced to sell their house and move into their sullen daughter's home after the husband suffers a heart attack and the wife develops cancer. They have been bankrupted by the unrelenting costs for medical services and drugs not covered by their insurance plan. Elsewhere, a woman

tells Moore that her insurance company refused to pay for the ambulance that took her on an unscheduled emergency run to the hospital. Her carrier informs her she needed pre-approval for her late-night transport. When, she wonders, was she supposed to get this pre-approval—*en route*? An 18-month-old girl dies shortly after she's taken from Martin Luther King, Jr.-Harbor Hospital in Los Angeles. The doctors on duty refused to treat her. Her mother's health plan with Kaiser Permanente required the child be treated at a Kaiser hospital. So, after spending two hours at MLK, the girl wasn't diagnosed and didn't get the antibiotics necessary to keep her alive. Testifying before Congress, a physician confesses that she feels responsible for killing at least one patient and harming countless more. She had been a handsomely paid claim reviewer for Blue Shield, which granted her bonuses for denying claims above her stipulated quota. Another doctor took to using a stamp to affix his "signature" to his profitable denials. When Moore confronts him with a few of his stamped forms, he mumbles that he doesn't remember "signing" them. Next, Moore gives us a receding credit crawl of pre-existing conditions accompanied by the *Star Wars* theme. Each condition rules out health-insurance coverage. And, indeed, the calculation behind this kind of corporate preemptive cost cutting is worthy of Darth Vader. A boy is excluded because he is too tall and too thin; a girl because she is too short and too heavy. Moore interviews a woman who had her claim check recalled when her carrier discovered she neglected to report she'd once had a yeast infection. Although Moore neglects to point it out, this is especially galling since it is well known that such infections are usually the side effect of taking a course of doctor-prescribed antibiotics.

Certainly, if these episodes took place as presented, they are unforgivable abuses and cry out for further investigation. But Moore is too intent on landing his next punch to bother himself with checking facts. The denials, for instance. Were these care providers incompetent, stupid, or callous? At what point does an insur-



Sicko

Produced by The Weinstein Company
Directed and written by Michael Moore

er's legitimate need to guard against unnecessary treatments and outright fraud shade into corporate greed? How many of these patients were foolishly submissive to the professionals? Certainly, refusing to diagnose an ailing infant suggests extraordinary thoughtlessness on the part of the doctors at MLK. Or did they fear they'd be sued for providing unauthorized treatment? There is, however, the mother's apparent passivity to consider. She waited for two hours to be taken to the Kaiser hospital to obtain treatment for her daughter. If we are going to lay blame, we need to know the full context to appportion it sensibly.

As in *Fahrenheit 9/11*, Moore expresses concern for the victims he interviews, but it's clear that he is parading them on screen primarily to further his campaign. He wants the same kind of unfettered healthcare provided in England, France, and Canada—where it's free, he keeps telling us. He must be kidding. Has he seen the tax bills in those nations? I am not against a single-payer national healthcare plan in principle. It might be possible to devise such a system without making an exorbitantly expensive mess of things, and it could have the virtue of simplifying the nightmarish tangle of forms and bureaucracies that now attend even the simplest visit to the doctor. But it wouldn't be free. Notably, Nicolas Sarkozy, France's recently elected president, won in part because he promised to revamp his country's healthcare system, lest it render the entire nation insolvent. Rumblings of the same sort are being heard in England and Canada.

Anticipating objections to socialized

medicine, Moore reminds us that socialism is already flourishing within our borders. Consider our state-run institutions, he urges—our public schools and our post offices, both examples of socialism in action. Wait a minute. How many of us are happy with what our tax money buys in the way of education and mail delivery? Do we really want medical care provided with all the dedication on display at a typical post-office window? Interestingly, Moore doesn't mention that other socialistic marvel, our motor-vehicle bureaucracy. Governmental employees are notoriously careless about efficiency and costs, a fact Moore witlessly demonstrates with the story of a young Frenchman who had been living in America for years without health coverage. When he became ill with treatable cancer, he quickly returned to France, where he knew his therapy would be covered. All he had to do was get a job for a few weeks, and the state would see to his care. After several months of treatment, he recovers. About to leave the hospital, he's asked if he is ready to return to work or if he feels he needs more time to regain his emotional stability. Oh, but *certainement*, more time, *s'il vous plaît*. For such candor, he is awarded a three-month paid holiday. We last see him water-sporting and night-clubbing with an assortment of beautiful young women in Montpellier. Moore evidently thinks this happy spectacle will sell Americans on socialized medicine. And so it might to the Girls Gone Wild crowd. Others may wonder about the long-term consequences of such careless largesse.

Then Moore really stumbles. He rounds up three September 11 rescue workers who are suffering from respiratory and other ailments. Each has been refused medical coverage for reasons that are left obscure. Moore takes them on a boat to the "one place on American soil that offers free universal health care": Guantanamo Bay. There, members of Al Qaeda and other captured terrorists have, according to the Bush administration, been getting the best of medical attention. When he reaches the base's harbor, he takes out a bullhorn and requests entrance. A response comes when two combat helicopters fly over Moore's boat to investigate. Beating a retreat, Moore takes his charges to Havana. On the spur of the moment—wink, wink—he decides to check in to the city's major hospital. Wouldn't you know, the ailing Americans are greeted warmly and given in-

stant medical attention. And, guess what? They leave a few days later: one, entirely cured; the other two, well on their way to restored health. There's no end to the wonders of dialectical materialism.

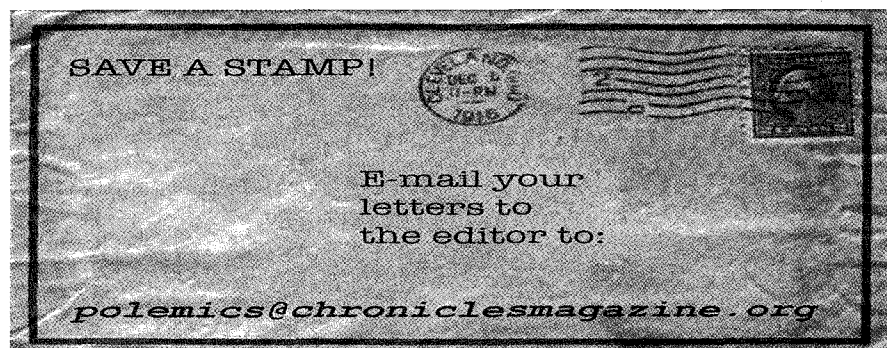
Is this irresponsible propaganda? Unquestionably. Nevertheless, I want to commend Moore. Despite his outrageous tactics and screwy politics, he has done us a service with this film as he did with the equally irresponsible *Fahrenheit 9/11*. His stunts may be juvenile, but they call our attention to real abuses and negligence in our healthcare arrangements—abuses that could be remedied, were our public servants really committed to serving our interests.

When it comes to showing up venal and cowardly politicians, few do it as colorfully as Moore. Here, he uses a shot of our senators standing in their Capitol chamber. Above each head, he flashes the amount of money they have taken from the HMO and pharmaceutical industries. Hillary Clinton leads the pack. She has been showered with nearly a million disinterested dollars by civic-minded corporate leaders. (And you were wondering why she so rarely talks about nationalizing healthcare these days.) But there's more. In a sequence that could have come from a Preston Sturges satire, we watch The Hon. Billy Tauzin (R-LA) addressing his fellow representatives in 2005. He is demanding they pass the Medicare Part II prescription-drug bill. We see Tauzin smarmily entreating his fellow public servants to do the right thing. He is supporting this plan, he assures them, for one reason only. "I love my mother," he calls out in a quavering voice. He cannot bear the prospect of her not having enough money to buy the drugs she needs in her old age. Then, in a montage of other venues, he soulfully repeats himself on behalf of this legislation: "I love my mother," he pleads again and again. Such hypocrisy would be laughable but for this troubling fact: The Medicare Part II prescription law was written not by our public servants but by

the pharmaceutical industry, and it bars the government from negotiating for lower drug costs and seeks to prohibit access to lower-priced drugs from Canada. Already, it is obscenely enriching the pharmaceutical companies at the expense, physical and fiscal, of the American taxpayers. Some analysts say it could bankrupt Medicare altogether. And, another fact: While Tauzin was campaigning for this law, he let it be known he would be resigning from Congress soon and was looking for other employment. Two months after the bill was passed, Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America, the lobbying arm of the industry, graciously appointed him as its CEO, at an estimated annual salary of between one and two-and-a-half million dollars. The devoted Tauzin no longer has to worry. Should Medicare go bust, he can now afford to pay for Mom's drugs all on his own.

Oddly, Moore has left out another interesting fact about our public servants. The men and women who fight so hard to guarantee our health, who guard us so bravely against the threat of socialized medicine, are themselves, along with their families, life-long beneficiaries of the Federal Employees Health Benefits Plan. Paying 25 to 28 percent of the plan's premium rate, they are entitled to choose from among dozens of private insurers and are free to change plans once per year. Furthermore, they cannot be denied coverage for any preexisting health condition whatsoever, nor can their medical status be grounds for charging them a dime more than anyone else for the same policy. Not quite a socialist's dream, but, nevertheless, pretty sweet, all in all. This tidbit would have given Moore's argument for socialized medicine considerably more luster. In fact, it is almost enough to make you turn red, except for this thought: A national health plan devised by Congress would almost certainly be run by the likes of Billy Tauzin.

Pass the Zolof. It's free, isn't it? ☞



Héctor Agonistes

For more than a week after his encounter with Jacinta Ruiz, Héctor avoided the Pink Store, finding an excuse to drive Jesús “Eddie” to Geronimo’s Bar & Grill in Deming—which Jesús much preferred anyway—instead. All this time, the Centaur’s statue stood on the top shelf of his computer hutch, where he had to make the effort to raise his eyes in order to behold the thing. Handsome as it was, the statue gave him no pleasure but only a sense of distress, arising from moral confusion. In truth, Héctor found he could no longer admire it without suspecting that he really was a bit of a traitor.

He was an American, after all—not yet a citizen, granted, but citizenship would surely follow in time, once the late unpleasantness arising from his failed political candidacy was resolved. Whereas the Ruiz woman, a *bona fide* Mexicana for whom Pancho Villa had fought and died, reprobated Villa and all he stood for because he’d been a relentless enemy of the gringos, certain of whom her great-grandparents had befriended. Héctor himself had few American friends besides Bro. Billie Joe and Jesús “Eddie,” and he wasn’t sure Jesús “Eddie” counted as an American. Never before had it occurred to him that his pride in being a descendant (though a collateral one) of the Centaur might be at odds with his fervent commitment to his adoptive land, including a 100-percent adherence to the American Creed. Now Jacinta Ruiz had exposed the contradiction for him, and Héctor was discovering to his immense chagrin that it was not a matter he could conscientiously ignore. Nor, unhappily, was it one he felt comfortable discussing with AveMaría, who disliked Villa as a notorious polygamist and philanderer, and resented both the society dues her husband sent annually to Namiquipa and the time he spent away from home every summer “partying,” as she expressed it, with the Hijos.

It was a good ten days before it occurred to Héctor that help was right under his nose—more precisely, just across the border, in the Pink Store itself. Despite her hatred of Pancho Villa, Jacinta Ruiz was certainly *sympática*—and obviously well disposed toward his namesake, whose arm she was given to squeez-

ing affectionately each evening on his arrival at the store and again as he left the bar, following Jesús “Eddie” out to the van. Only, he wanted to talk with Jacinta alone, without his friend around. And when—Héctor wondered—would that ever happen? The possibility was unimaginable, short of Chihuahua becoming a dry state.

His chance, by some miracle, arrived soon enough, within a matter of a few days. Jesús “Eddie,” stir-crazy already from living off in the boondocks and hungry for the bright lights and dark dives of the Rio Abajo, was also concerned about the state of his several rental properties in Belen, ancient ‘dobes crumbling into weedy yards he’d inherited from an uncle and that he leased short-term to winos, vagabonds, and kids from the local community college. As hiding out on the border precluded working his job as a handyman around town, the income from these properties was Jesús “Eddie’s” nearly sole source of support during his sojourn at the ranch, supplemented only by Beatriz’s monthly disability check from Santa Fe in compensation for her late-developing color blindness that had forced her to quit her job as a beautician when she became incapable of distinguishing one tint of hair dye from another. Consequently, Jesús “Eddie” determined that he must return to Belen to make sure of his houses and collect the rent payments that had somehow failed to find their way to Rancho Juárez in his absence. Beatriz was going along to act as chauffeur, and both she and her husband planned on wearing disguises in order to escape recognition by the Muslim community in Belen. In spite of his eagerness to see them off, Héctor could not resist a desire to witness the Juárezes in whatever garb they might choose to get themselves up in for the trip north. AveMaría had no interest in whatever spectacle Beatriz and Jesús “Eddie” made when they went. She just wanted them to go.

After arguing the question back and forth, loudly, for days, the pair decided on assuming the identity of a military couple on leave from Fort Bliss, a role they reasoned should be sufficient to deter any bloody-minded would-be jihadist assass-



sin from a violent assault on their persons. (No one, Héctor had to agree, underestimates the U.S. military.) At an Army and Navy store in El Paso advertising itself as the place where the Minutemen shopped, they purchased fatigues, combat boots, and stiff-brimmed camouflage military caps, which they wore home in the car afterward in order to acquire a feel for their new clothes. Héctor’s instant reaction to the sight of the Juárezes in uniform standing outside on the turnaround was that the Immigration Office had come to arrest him at last, but the next moment he was laughing so uncontrollably he’d had to run to the outhouse and remain there a good five minutes to avoid offending his friends.

Jesús “Eddie” and Beatriz departed next morning for Belen, carrying with them an extensive shopping list made up by AveMaría, after an impassioned, tearful plea by Contracepción that she be allowed to go along to visit her friends upriver. When the Juárezes were gone at last and his daughter lay sulking face down across the bed, Héctor retired to the shaky linoleum-covered table in the parlor where he kept his laptop computer and put in an hour and a half on billing work, while AveMaría and Dubya went shopping in Deming. Distracted and restless, he worked without enthusiasm and knocked off finally around noon, when he wandered into the kitchen in search of lunch. Héctor was wholly unaccustomed, after eighteen years of married life, to preparing his own meals. Now, in his wife’s absence, he took four slices of bologna from the ancient icebox, placed them between two slices of white bread he found in the rusty breadbox decorated with fading hand-painted flowers, and made himself a sandwich. He wrapped the sandwich in wax paper and buttoned it into the pocket of his woolen shirt. Last-

ly, he yelled at Contracep that he'd be home in an hour, lifted his parka from the peg behind the door, and walked out into the pale glare of a chilly winter day. For the first time, perhaps, in his adult life, Héctor Villa was taking a walk.

Prompted by an impulse of which he was barely conscious, he wandered down the drive and across the asphalt strip of highway, crawled beneath the four-strand fence, and proceeded into open desert in the direction of the mountains. The mountains resembled those with which he'd been familiar as a child in Nami-quipa, but that did not explain the allure they had for him this brilliant winter afternoon. Héctor perceived these carved massifs as the faded, nearly indistinguishable background of early twentieth-century photographs in which armed troops, wrecked trains, and—in particular—a proud sombreroed figure, mounted horseback and carrying a rifle under his saddleskirt, occupied the foreground, surrounded by the immediate caliche and sotol desert. But here was a background without a subject, nothing but the empty desert across which he seemed to wade heavily, as if through a foot of sand. Héctor halted to get his breath, then moved doggedly forward. The mountains seemed to retreat ahead of him, deeper into the background of the empty, subjectless photograph in which he moved. They were a great deal farther off than he'd imagined, viewing them from the ranch. Stopping for the fifth or sixth time, he looked behind himself and was surprised—shocked even—to see how far he'd come, though the mountains themselves appeared no nearer. It occurred to Héctor he should fortify himself for the long walk back. He looked about and spied a manzanita tree growing at the edge of an arroyo thirty yards away. Now almost completely winded, he staggered on and collapsed against its blackened trunk, beneath the leafless web of branches. Héctor worked the trunk between his shoulder blades and pulled the sandwich from his shirt, wishing he'd thought to bring a bottle of water with him. Luckily it was winter or he might have died of thirst on the desert like the immigrants he'd seen on TV. However, the sandwich tasted good to him, even though he'd spread Contracep's tasteless brand of mustard on the bread instead of the spicy kind he preferred.

Héctor had finished the sandwich and was regretting having used mustard at all on account of his now acute thirst when

he heard the measured crunch of shoes on gravel and looked up to see seven people, four men and three women, approaching along the bottom of the arroyo. All were Hispanic, dark-skinned, wearing jeans, torn parkas over snap-button Western shirts, and sneakers, and carrying packs on their backs. The men wore their hair almost as long as the women's, but it didn't appear to have been washed as recently. The lead man stopped and stiffened like a pointer dog when he caught sight of Héctor under his tree. Then he seemed to relax and moved forward again with confidence, baring a double-row of square white teeth in a wide grin beneath his black mustache.

"¡Buenas tardes, compadre! ¿Dónde vas usted?"

Héctor gave him a wary look. In Bel-en, strangers never spoke to each other, whether on the street or at the mall.

"Ninguna parte."

"¿Y dónde viene?"

Héctor shrugged. "From around here." He'd noticed the leader carried a plastic bottle slung across his shoulder on a nylon cord. "Can you spare a swallow of water? I forgot to bring any with me." He assumed these hikers were from Douglas, which these days had a large Hispanic population. Héctor was impressed. He couldn't imagine assimilating to the point of taking up a kick-ass Anglo sport like backpacking, himself.

The leader squinted, leaning forward on the palo verde pole he'd cut and trimmed to make a walking stick.

"How is it you come across with no water, no food, *hermano*?" he asked sternly. "Have you not read the survival guide the government hands out to everyone? Our people are dying like flies in the desert every day. Now I must risk dying of thirst, too, because you did not trouble yourself to come prepared."

Héctor, perceiving the truth at last, felt like a fool. He and AveMaría, when they emigrated to the United States seventeen years ago, had acquired work permits, then taken a taxi across the international bridge from Juárez to El Paso, where they had simply lost themselves in the bustle and confusion of a great American city. Now, he was seeing for himself how the other half lived. With great dignity, he stood from under the tree and confronted the interlopers.

"You have made a mistake," he told the alien. "I am an American" (he had almost added "citizen") "living in New Mexico. My home is over there" (pointing to the

ranch that appeared as no more than a speck on the desert). "I have lived in this country for seventeen years and I'm used to having all the water and food I want, whenever I want it. I don't have to carry it around on my back, like a *tortuga*."

All six illegal aliens, grouped close together now as if for self-protection, eyed him with hostility.

"Claro," their leader said, coldly. "Are you then a *hermano* or a *gringo*? It is Eulalio Guzmán who asks."

It occurred to Héctor for the first time that these people might be armed and dangerous.

"I'm both," he said at last, trying to hold his voice steady. "Don't worry," he added quickly, perceiving a yellow glint in Guzmán's eye. "I'm not going to report you to the *migra*."

The alien smiled sardonically. "Then you are a *hermano*," he concluded, "and it is a lucky thing for you. Do you remember how Pancho Villa once served the *gringos*, many years ago but not so many miles from where we stand now?"

Héctor wanted to tell him he'd forgotten more about Pancho Villa than the other man would learn in a lifetime, but he held his tongue instead.

"And now," the alien continued, "you may have a swallow of water—if you still want it, *por supuesto*. Do you?"

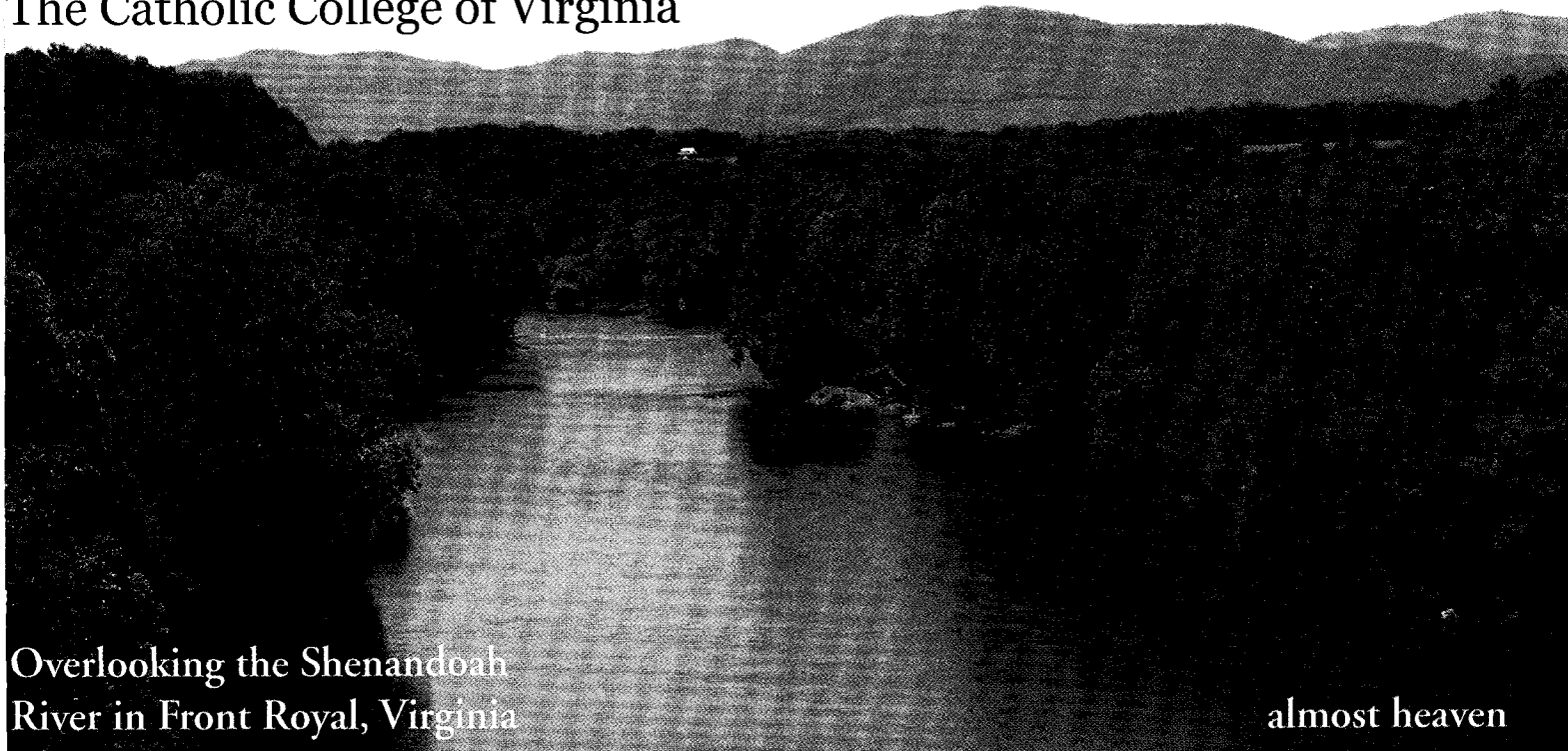
Héctor didn't.

Attempting a dignified pace, he waded off into the desert in the direction of the ranch that seemed impossibly far away. A sense of pride forbade him to look back over his shoulder until he'd gone a couple of hundred yards, and by then the invaders had vanished among the mesquite and sotol. More than an hour later, dry-mouthed, with aching lungs and sore hip-sockets, Héctor arrived home where he was greeted by his tearful wife, who in panic at his disappearance had reported him missing to the Luna County Search and Rescue a half-hour before.

He carried the cellphone outdoors where the reception was better, dialed Search and Rescue, and canceled the alarm. (It occurred to him to report the invading aliens while he was at it, but he resisted doing so.) Afterward, he climbed into his van and drove south on highway 11, toward Columbus and the Pink Store. It was too early in the day to start drinking, but Héctor was not in search of the numbing influence of alcohol. He needed to have a talk with Jacinta Ruiz, and he couldn't wait until the sun had crossed over the yardarm to do it. <C>

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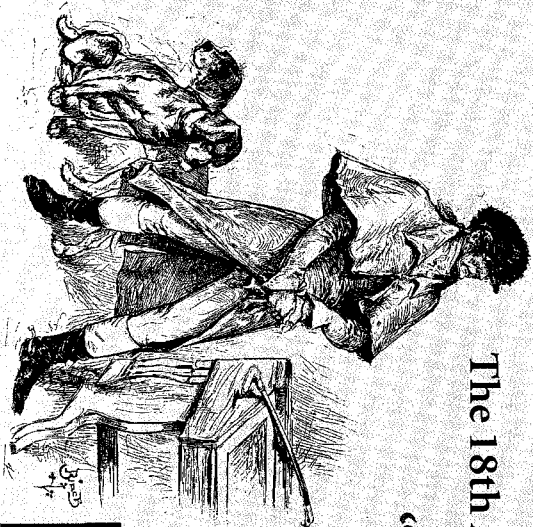


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